

THE DENTAL DIGEST



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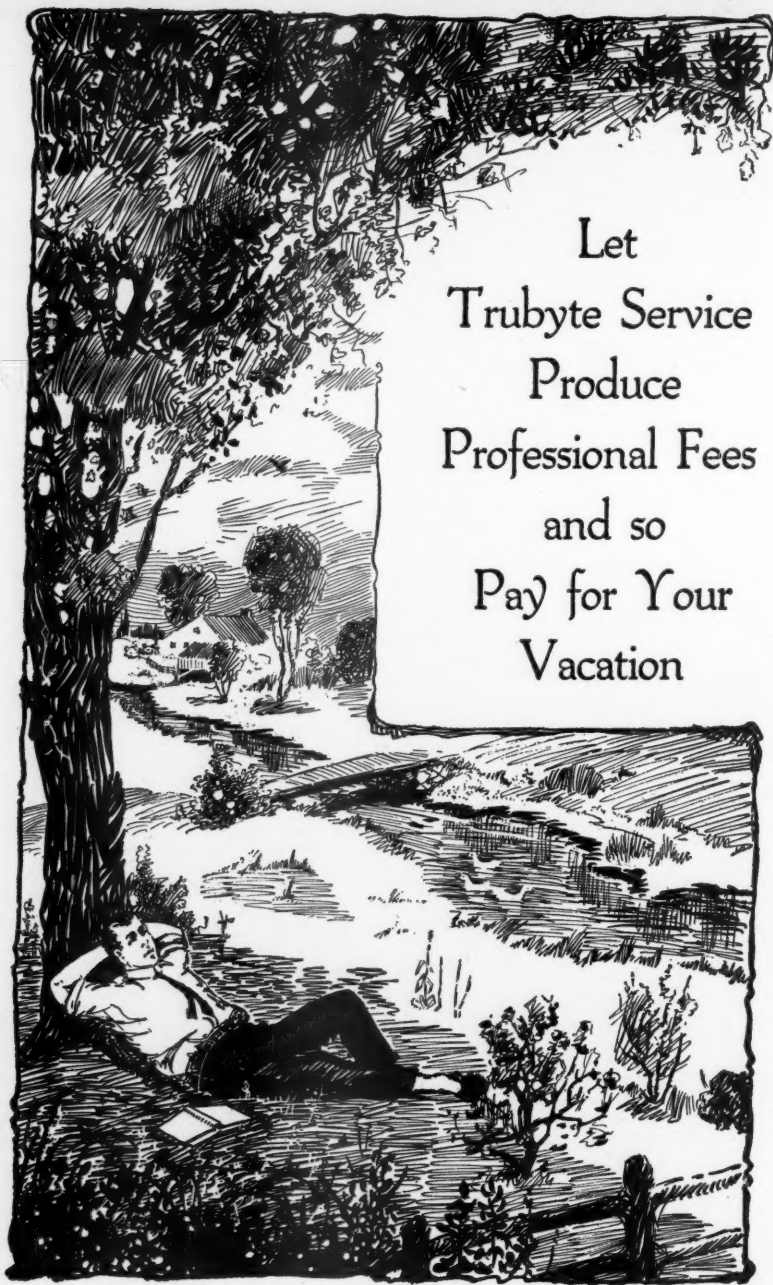
JUNE 1916
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EDITED BY
GEORGE WOOD CLAPP, D.D.S.

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THE DENTAL DIGEST

GEORGE WOOD CLAPP, D.D.S., Editor

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Vol. XXII

JUNE, 1916

No. 6

THE FATE OF AN "INNOCENT BYSTANDER"

BY FLOY TOLBERT BARNARD, KELSO, WASH.

IS THERE really a dentist somewhere that has to be lured off on even a one-day vacation? If there *is*, why do you not get a picture of him to print in your June Vacation number of the DIGEST? I supposed they were as extinct as the Ichthyornis, that ancient bird reputed to have had "sharp conical teeth set in sockets." A picture of the man ought to be as interesting as the illustration of that worthy bird, of the order of Odontotormæ. All the dentists I ever knew about were more in need of being suppressed! I am not a dentist at all, myself, but I am the wife of one, the cousin of another, and have for friends still others, and my experience has been one of ever recurring days of vagrant fishing or hunting or impromptu picnics. I admit those days appear to refresh the dentists whether they go singly or in squads, but I would like to recount to you the fate of innocent bystanders, as myself for instance, when Dr. Barnard goes a-fishing.

He went last Sunday with friends and they took me along. We did



We come to "those green-robed senators of mighty woods"—Keats.

not actually go until Sunday morning, but the upheaval of preparations began the preceding Friday when I discovered Dr. Barnard going through

his chiffonier in the methodical and orderly manner of a passing cyclone.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"My fly-book," said he.

"It is on the shelf of the hall closet," quoth I, and resigned myself to the worst.

At noon Dr. Barnard hardly took time to eat his luncheon. He spent the time hunting up rods and reels, fish-



Seriously at work

baskets, coats, hob-nailed boots and all the things known to the minds of fishing dentists. And great was the hunt thereof! Most of the things were right where he had put them away, but he seems to get part of his recreation by revolving through the house like a human egg beater. All things were swept into his wake, and *some* things did survive. But he was happy! The tension of nerve fatigue accumulated through several vacationless weeks gradually transferred itself from his face to mine!

Friday night he arrived late to dinner, but he began telling me about the wonderful new flies he had lingered to buy, before he had the door open. As near as I could make out those flies were such favorites with mountain trout that they—the trout—would fairly pursue one up to the tall timber if his rod were but baited with one of them. They were flies that I am fully convinced no "fish-in" dentist should be without. Great flies, those. I have not been able to figure out, even yet, why Dr. Barnard bought several cans of salmon eggs, and *then* went out in the garden and dug up a lot of ghastly worms, when he had those irresistible flies.

But he did, while dinner got even colder; then he came in (I supposed he had left the worms outside, some-



Such scenes as this "do truly re-create"

where) and put the new wonder flies in his fly-book, and put the book on the chafing-dish tray, from whence no one dared to remove it to the equally accessible closet shelf. After which he ate his dinner.

Saturday noon he added a fly or two he had overlooked, to his collection, and started to "get things together." He got out the one-day camp stove—it looks like a toaster on stilts—and put it on the window seat in the dining room for a nucleus around which to assemble his paraphernalia. With it he put a

huge frying pan with a handle three feet long, and the other things (that you most likely litter your house with when *you* go a-fishing).

Saturday night he managed to get home a little early. He wanted to see to the bacon and coffee and condensed milk; the butter, the olives, the bread and other plain things that we take along to eat with the fish he gets for us to fry. I could pack them for him, but he prefers to do it himself; then he *knows* he has enough along to tide us over should we be unable to get back in the evening, as we were planning to do. In fact, if



The afterglow

multiple effect. With them I found a rug for me to sit on while he fishes (I am no angler), a battered hat, a camera, with a dozen plate holders, a kodak with several rolls of film, a tripod, and some other things, such as sweaters, coats, soap and matches. We expected to be gone a



Our favorite spot

for some unthinkable reason we should have to stay for six months, we could get along very nicely on the things Dr. Barnard takes along for about twelve hours.

About eleven o'clock I went into the living room for something and fell over what appeared to be dozens of hob-nail boots, but when I investigated they were only the usual two boots! It was merely Dr. Barnard's arrangement of them that gave the

whole vacation, you must remember,—a whole long day, and it is well to be—PREPARED!

I sat by the mound with something of the feeling I am told travelers have when surveying the mound-like ruins of Nineveh—that “rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly!” Layard says of the ruined city that it is now a “stern shapeless mound,” and that he is unable to give any form to the “rude heaps on which he is gazing,—in desolation,” He has my comprehending sympathy.

About midnight Dr. Barnard went to bed for a few minutes. Then he thought of something he had almost forgotten and prowled around for another space of time. At the witching hour of two he happened to remember the ray-filter for his camera. It took him several minutes to locate it, and I think he did really try to be quiet. At last, along about dawn, sleep did actually descend upon the festively troubled house,—at almost the same minute the alarm—alarum! clock “went off.”

Dr. Barnard was evidently much refreshed by his brief philander with sleep. He was out in the kitchen in a “jiffy” starting the breakfast, while I tried to get my eyes opened enough to find my blue flannel middy. But in the course of what seemed like a century to me I got myself dressed and went yawning to the dining room, where I became wide awake with

great suddenness. For behold! Slithering across the oak floor in slimy hieroglyphs was an army of worms! They had escaped from the inadequate can in which Dr. Barnard had put them and were seeking the eight points of the compass with all possible speed.

I shouted to Friend Husband to come *instantly* and mobilize the wretched army. He came, and I regret to say he was in no wise horrified: indeed he was smitten with unseemly levity. But he scrambled around over the floor picking them up—in the interest of fishing preparedness. He even recited for my benefit the classic beginning “Nobody loves me” and ended in a diet of “Two slick



Nothing to think of; only look

ones and a woolly one.” Also, he stopped once to bet me anything that one of two parallel worrums would beat the other to cover under the sideboard. But he eventually had them all corralled and we

finished our breakfast just as our friends honked festively from the street.

Dr. Barnard carried out his van load of provisions for the day, to add to the six months' supplies Mr. Ames had thought advisable to take along in case of emergency and we were off. Mrs. Ames had a sort of a hunted look. I fancy she had been falling over "rude heaps" of fishing equipment for several days, too.

However, the morning was glorious, and the day did certainly promise to be "fine," so we put all memory of the late tumult behind us to enjoy the twenty-five mile ride through the low coast mountains. We passed through bits of woodland that suggested Pan and wood-nymphs and dryads, and we forgot prosy every day things and began to be as joyous as the men, almost!

It was the second of April and the air was cleansingly chill. Galleons of stately morning clouds sped across the sky on far adventures; hemlock, cedar, fir, and all their pleasant kin were adding pale green tips to their dark sombre green of other seasons; the alders, just beginning to bud, were etched beautifully against the surrounding "evergreens" that keep a cool dusky gloom on even the sunniest day. The far-flung song of the meadow-lark led the morning matins of the birds, and we all—involuntarily—became silent for a little space and in that little devotional silence tense muscles and taut nerves relaxed, the peace and the "abundant life" that are the gifts of a mountain morning refreshed us all, and we felt at one with every living thing for the remainder of our drive. Early spring in the mountains is like no other time and place. There is a singular combination of silence and sound; the stillness of the hills themselves is undisturbed by the surf-like murmur of the trees, the infinitesimal choir of insect sounds, the lyric songs and harmonic calls of many birds, and the challenge of mountain streams luring from near and far with haunting echoes of every voice that you have loved.

When we reached camp it was still amazingly early. The three fisher folk—for Mrs. Ames fishes—put their rods together and selected with stupendous solemnity and importance, each the fly of his choice, and then "for fear" stuck some other flies in their several hat and cap bands, and some despondent worms in their pockets along with a can of salmon eggs, after which they adjusted their baskets and I thought I was going to have a chance to loaf on a rug, and sleep or "meditate lickety split" like Tagore is said to do! I have always wanted to try it, but my hope continues to be deferred. They wanted me to go along to get some pictures of them.

I listened with all the intelligence I could muster to Dr. Barnard's involved explanations about the mechanism of the two cameras, accepted the pack of heavy plates and an extra roll of films and set out after them.

I would not have to work so hard if I only would learn to fish. (You said, Dr. Clapp, in the Editor's Corner of the March DIGEST that "the merest *dub* could learn to catch some kinds of fish." Pardon me! I have tried and I cannot.)

When I had used up the supply of plates and all the films, they misquoted scripture at me; they said "Now lettest we our servant depart in peace" and I started back,—alone!

Some one called after me to be careful not to fall on the rocks. I was quite touched by the unexpected solicitude, until I heard the reason! "You might break the plates."

When I got back to my rug I was too tired to meditate. I slept instead. I woke up much happier, but hungry. It was half past twelve. I took a stroll. It was two. I went back to my rug faint with hunger. I read. It was a quarter to three. I was about to rob the hampers when they returned each with a "catch" I was expected "for to admire and for to see." I obligingly admired until I was breathless and pretended to believe the three thrilling tales of adventure until at last they were almost satisfied. Then the men started a fire and went down to the stream to clean the "feesh." We, Mrs. Ames and I got out the bread—"and all,"—and presently we were frying fish; the coffee was done and we ate our dinner. Good? Never was a banquet better.

After dinner and a smoke Dr. Barnard took the camera and departed thence for more pictures, being doubtful of my luck along that line. When he came back the day was far spent, and we started home. We stopped for a picture of the sunset—afterglow—and then drove on through the dusk, reaching home in the blue starry dark.

And this one day of recreation is like unto the many we take from earliest spring to latest autumn. They do truly re-create. Dr. Barnard comes home from each of them ready to do a Marathon to his office the following morning.

And I? I call on the woman who "comes in" and we excavate my bungalow from the "rude heaps." And I still doubt your inference that there are Doctors of Dentistry who prefer to sit at home and be "perfect ladies," to going for an outing under blue spring skies for a day now and then—friends with the winds and the sun and even the sunburn! Men who forget that the brown dirt under their feet is a bit of the Planet **earth**, as wonderfully interesting as Mars or Jupiter. Men who become so absorbed in Man's inventions that they forget God's handiwork, and are so busy making a living that they forget the gift of life and the "*Let go*" for a Day and Just Live, power that flows to the man who knows how to "let go" for a day and just live. If there is one I hope he reforms.

HUNTING WITH AIREDALE
TERRIERSBY A. P. DEACON, D.D.S.,
WILLOWS, CAL.

I THINK every man has a hobby and mine is dogs, with a capital D. For years I had bull terriers, but about ten years ago, I began to hear a great deal about Airedales, so decided to get a pair, and after giving them a good trial, I found that I had the "Ideal Dog" good for any purpose. I spend a month every Fall in the mountains with a few friends and our families and my pack of hunting Airedales.

The lion I got one afternoon while fishing. I had four dogs along, they found his track and treed him after a short run. I pelted him with rocks not having a gun along, until I knocked him out of the tree, and the dogs caught and killed him on the ground.



No. 1

The bear skin and myself



No. 2

"Pictures Nos. 1 and 2 are skin of the largest bear I ever killed"

Last November in Siskiyou Co., we caught the six bears in Picture No. 4 with myself and the dogs. The two large ones in the centre were

terrors to run and fight. I had almost the same experience with each; they ran and fought in thick birch and rocks all day. One would not stop



No. 3

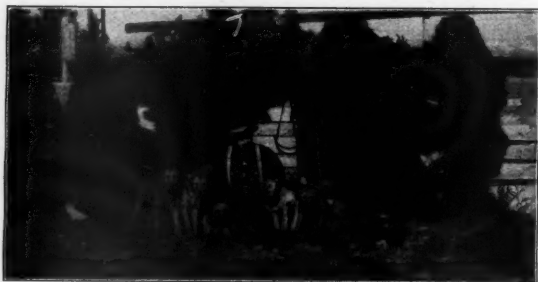
I grabbed him by the tail and pulled him down

and I was lucky to get a shot at him as he climbed over a log. I hit him in the neck with a .35 Remington, breaking it and killing him almost instantly. The other got away and as it was near dark and I had quite a ways to go, I had to quit and go to camp. The next morning we were up before daybreak, as I had to go and find the dogs, Mrs. Deacon decided to go with me, and after a couple of hours' ride, we heard the dogs barking. Riding down to where they were, we found the bear up a tree, and every dog trying to climb up to him. I tied the horses and while I held the eight dogs, "some job," so that the bear would not fall on them, Mrs. Deacon put a ".35" through his head and our fun was over and hard work on our hands to get him to camp. The other four we treed on different days, and as none of them were very big, I climbed the trees and shoved them out with a pole, and let the dogs kill them and they made "some scrap." No. 3 was taken during one of the fights; he started up a tree and I grabbed him by the tail and pulled him down. Nos. 1 and 2 are skins of the largest bear I ever killed, was after him for two years off and on, before I could get the dogs on his track, when it was fresh and in a good country. They treed him in one hour and forty minutes; he was very fat, weighing 590 lbs.

Nos. 5 and 6 are of my little son and the result of some of our hunts.

I take the whole family along and we certainly enjoy life amongst the mighty mountains with their snow capped summits, towering pines and ice cold, clear, trout streams and I store up energy enough to last me until the next fall.

When old Jack Frost will come again the leaves begin to turn red, and



No. 4

Six bears, myself and the dogs

the air tingles with the first breath of the coming winter. Then the red Gods begin to call, and, as I try to work, the smell of the pines will come to my nostrils, a picture of the camp, the bear steaks and fried trout and the woods and mountains will flash over my mental vision, and men on horses and the dogs in full cry will appear and I wake out of my reverie, to find



No. 5

Some of the results of our hunts



No. 6

My little son, very proud

that I am nervous and tired out. Then I close my office, tell my wife I have "The Call of the Wild" and on the morrow we are packed and away to spend a month close to the bosom of mother nature, and to forget molars, inlays, anatomical articulation and the whole

blamed work for a while until nature takes away that tired feeling that comes to us all who work too long without play.

Never was there a truer saying than "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Don't allow yourself to be a "dull boy," but take a good long, restful vacation.



No. 7

"Treed!"



Our cabin

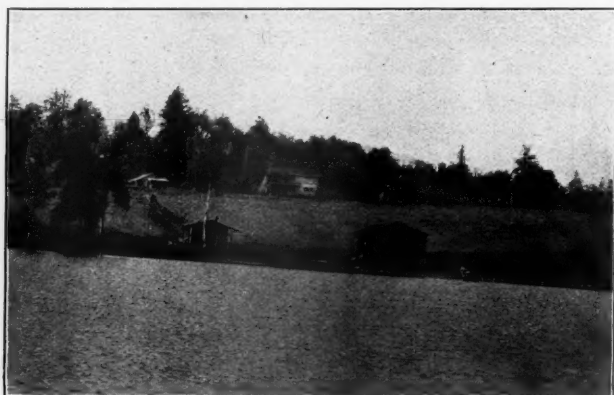
MY QUEST FOR PIKE

BY DR. W. S. WALTERS,
W. LAFAYETTE, IND.

If you can read this story and look at these pictures without wanting to close up the office *right now* and try for one of these fish and eat some of Mrs. Coburn's cakes and real maple syrup, you can do more than I can. How many things besides work there are in life and how well worth while some of them are.—EDITOR.

IT WAS tradition, inheritance and environment that made me a disciple of Izaak Walton, but, with the exception of a few auto-fishing trips over the border into Michigan for lake bass fishing, my efforts have been confined to central Indiana, my natural range since birth. And I always have had a "hankerin'" to go up north and tackle the great northern pike and "muskies."

Last July 2nd, my pal, Ray Southworth and I purchased tickets for Grand View, Wisconsin, 500 miles north of Chicago. We had several hours to spend in the Windy City so we bought some more fishing tackle, though we already had plenty, took the Pullman sleeper at six in the evening for Ashland, Wis., via Milwaukee. The train was two hours late so we had to spend the day in Ashland and the result was we bought some



The layout of our cabin

more fishing tackle. Grand View being only 23 miles from Ashland we soon arrived and loaded our baggage into Johnnie Sales' big wagon for the

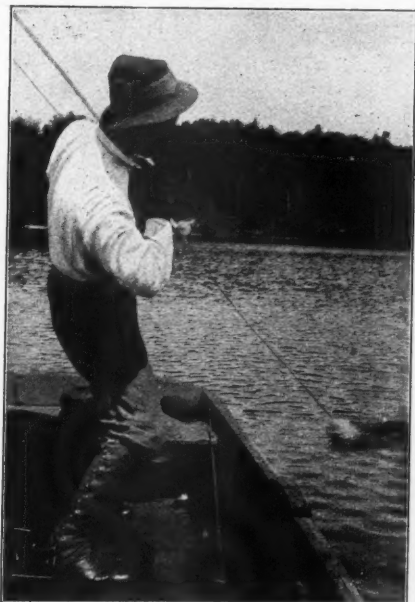
nine mile trip to Diamond Lake. Time for trip 2:45. A rain storm was just over and the sun was breaking through the scurrying clouds. I shall never forget the wild ride over the trail, up and down hill, through forests of giant spruce trees 200 feet tall, over the territory that the great forest fire of two years ago devastated. We, who had never seen a wild deer out of captivity were keenly alert to see one of the beautiful animals in its native haunts.

Just at dark we arrived at Diamond Lake where we were greeted by the regular reception committee, King, a large Airedale and Colonel, as fine a specimen of the collie as I ever expect to see, who were destined to become our friends for our short two weeks of stay. Next in line appeared our genial host, Cash Coburn, who assigned us to our cabin. There were five cabins on the clearing and we had one all to ourselves. Met Dr. Arnold, a dentist of St. Paul, Minn.

Diamond Lake is shaped like the letter L, each arm being about two miles long, the camp is at the north end of one arm. The nearest neighbor is at the extreme other end of the lake. One quarter of a mile from this end is Crystal Lake. The sand of its beaches is white like granulated sugar and its waters contain only bass. North of our camp, one and a

half miles, is Porcupine (or Porky) Lake, stocked with bass and great northern pike. West, two miles, is Spring Lake containing nothing but mountain trout (my! how they can fight). Three miles away lays South-West Lake, yours for the walled eyed pike. So you see you can choose the length of your hike and the kind of fish you want to catch. If you don't care a rap what kind or size, then fish in Diamond Lake; the largest Muskie taken there weighed eighty-seven (87) pounds and was caught by "Skinny Robinson" one of my fellow townsmen, and the smallest, Oh! well, why mention the unpleasant things?

Our first day's trip was over to Porky where we caught a seven and a



W. S. Walters on the firing line

nine pound pike, eleven four and five pound bass and pike and about noon I hooked an "Old Codger" (large pike) and the sport was on. Down in



Walters and Ray "kidding"

the bottom of the boat I went on my knees (although that is not a habitual position of mine) locking my legs under the boat seat, as I had no desire to explore the forty foot depths below me, away went my line for about eighty feet and back I would bring him only to have another vicious racing of the reel; getting a little

careless I got a crack on the end of one finger from the reel handle that made the blood fly. An injury of this nature happening in my office would have sent me to the hospital but while fishing, NEVER! After fifteen minutes of this I got "friend Pike" alongside and called for Ray—who had been performing nobly at the oars keeping the boat out in deep water to get the gaff (we had a Marble clamping gaff with two heavily toothed jaws) and bring him on board; Ray made a fair catch just back of his head and in less than twenty seconds our gaff was reduced to a bunch of junk.

You have all had your fun trying to take out an impacted third molar, but if you ever tackle one of the thirty (or more) pound pike you will realize that the tooth was "dead easy." No, I did not say we landed him, for it did not improve his feelings any to take about half his scales off with that gaff, and his next run was one of about 125 feet and he was still going when the line broke and along with it my heart, for I sure did think

he was mine, having the two No. 8 hooks fairly fastened in his upper jaw. When I regained my breath the first thing that met my eye was



View from the cabin

Ray's revolver in his belt, which he brought along to shoot the "big ones" with, there are moments in one's life when he is forgetful, this was one of them. Then again it has always been my fishing policy to let the largest, nicest fish get away for "seed." Else we might not have a good crop for next year.

After losing several pet baits and the breaking of our \$30 test lines we sent over to St. Paul for some more "fishing tackle." Our

usual routine was to get out of the hay at 6:30, slip into our bathing suits, run 200 rods down to the lake, with the dogs snapping at our bare shanks, and take a plunge in that cold lake water (and you sure were awake for several hours at least) take a good rub down and then breakfast was ready. Buckwheat cakes, real maple syrup made right there, ba-

con, eggs, oatmeal and coffee. Sounds like a lot and it was a lot, but you put it all away and wonder how you did it so easily. Then you grab up your tackle and hike to the chosen lake for the day's fishing. You fish every day rain or shine and you eat fish every day and you do not tire of them either, for Mrs. Coburn can cook fish in so many different styles that they always seem like a new dish. I cannot see the sense of going to a swell summer resort for an outing when there are places like this, where you can get meals that are unequalled anywhere, have nice clean sanitary beds, all the boat accommodations in all



Three of a kind



This six pounder caught on the first day encouraged us

these various lakes for the rate of \$10 per week. I could write the *DIGEST* full about this trip but there were others who also had an outing

just as interesting. This trip worked so hard on me that I made a ten days' return trip the first week of September. This time I met Dr. A.



Walters in action

P. Grunn, a Chicago dentist there. So you see no camp is complete without one or more D.D.S's. Am I going back this year? Well, I sure am, even if I have to sell the old dental engine to get to go.

While you get the immediate benefits and enjoyment from this trip the pleasure you have at home the

coming months in talking it all over with your friends as an audience is worth a whole lot. (Sometimes it is better than the fishing; you catch such "big ones." No insinuations.—EDITOR.)

Our West-Central Dental Society are making preparations for their famous annual "chicken-nic" which you all read about last year.* June 28th is the date. Some states have us beaten for fishing but when it comes to "Chickens" well old Indiana is "there."

Greeting to you all and wishing you the outings you all so well deserve,

You-Know-Me,

WALTERS.



C. Coburn, Mrs. Coburn, Nellie Coburn, King and the Colonel

*In the September, 1915, DENTAL DIGEST, Dr. Walters gave us a description of the "First Annual Chickenic" of West Central Dental Society. He then promised us a vacation story and this is it.

A WEEK AT LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN

*Editor DENTAL DIGEST:*

Four years ago I tried to get a friend of mine to take his wife and two little boys and join my wife and I for a week or ten days at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

He told me he had not had a vacation for sixteen years and neither could he afford to take one now or felt he needed one very bad. But, in consideration for his wife who was not very well, he decided to join us. We took a cottage on the quiet side of the lake where we could sit on the porch and look out over the hills surrounding that body of water.

A prettier you will not find in the Middle West anywhere.

Besides our daily baths in that clear, clean water where the whole shore is either sandy or rocky, making bathing enjoyable all around, especially for those who can swim. We planned long walks around that picturesque lake with my old 4 x 5 camera as an excuse for exploring out of the way places.

We secured many pretty pictures of which the cow picture is a sample. The boys learned to swim and the wife made a good beginning. My friend became so enthusiastic that he has never missed taking a vacation since, as he found it was not time wasted as we all find after once having tried it.

Yours very truly,

ELBERG N. JOHNSEN.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE WOODS

PAUL S. COLEMAN, D.D.S., WILBURTON, OKLA.

(It can only happen in eastern Oklahoma—where the P. G. plan originated)

WHEN I found out that I could leave my office and go camping for a week or two, or attend an Oklahoma Post Graduate meeting and get back and find that my practice had not deserted me and gone over to the other fellow, I realized there was really something in being a dentist after all and of late I make it a point to absent myself from my office at least four weeks each year and spend the time in pleasures that suit me most; thus one sunny June morning during the past summer found me well on my way to a little stream situated in the hill country of Eastern Oklahoma and far away from the nearest railroad, away from civilization and away from the everyday grind of the office



The creek, where we threw in a few bank hooks and tied the lines to the overhanging branches

and out for a week of "just nothing to do but loaf," fish a little—and take it easy in general.

After a day of jogging along the trail and winding through ravines and over rocky hills at sunset we arrived at our

destination, tired but happy, and after spreading our thirty by thirty fly sheet, hung all round with mosquito netting until it reached the ground, our wives who had been busy with the gasoline stove called us for supper and such a supper! Pan-cakes, bacon and eggs along with a squirrel which had been killed on the road, made our hearts happy and life indeed seemed worth living. The meal over and the pipes lit, we strolled along the creek banks and watched a full moon slowly rise after which a few bank hooks were thrown in and the lines tied to overhanging branches we went back to camp, and found our folding cots spread out all ready to turn in and looking inviting with white sheets and pillows.

Once turned in, we lay looking up into the branches of an elm or live oak while old "daddy" bullfrog over upon the other bank began to make the woods ring with his deep bass and the tree frogs chimed in with a

rippling treble. We are just closing thought and slumber hangs heavy, when over on a riffle we hear a slight splash followed by a heavier one and we rouse over and look out through the moonlight to see a handsome stag followed by several does wading carefully into the water while he lifts one foot and then the other throwing sprays in all directions. He enjoys himself, his companions stare at the white thing over on our bank with a wondering look, as if asking "what is that anyway!" Even in the closed season a bunch of deer is "too much" and my companion raises to reach for his thirty-thirty, but, with one creak from the folding cot there comes a splash and a shuffle and our visitors have departed. We lay for a long time and listened, finally giving up, and to the chimes of "Old Daddy" we lose all consciousness and all thoughts that there ever was such a thing as a dental office with its musty and antiseptic smells and trials, and dream of a rocky trail, squirrel and deer and it is only when a bright sun comes stealthily over the eastern horizon, we stretch a leg and an arm and then yawn and turn over for a cat nap, just that last long drowsy moment before waking—but what's that sound! we are wide awake now—there it is again, we are near no house yet it sounds like a farm yard and an old gobbler is making the morning ring with his gobble and every now and then a pit-pit sounds close by. We think of our



An unusual catch

Winchesters again, but, there that cot creaks again and with a parting pit-pit and a rustle our early visitors have also departed. There is no more sleeping, so we get busy with our plans, and with a delicious breakfast helped along with a large channel cat from one of the bank lines, we are ready for the first day in the woods.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.—*Wordsworth.*

A DELIGHTFUL VACATION AND SOME CONCLUSIONS

BY C. W. WEAVER, D.D.S., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THIS in reply to your request for vacation articles. In my estimation this movement of yours is the greatest ever and its importance cannot be measured by words.

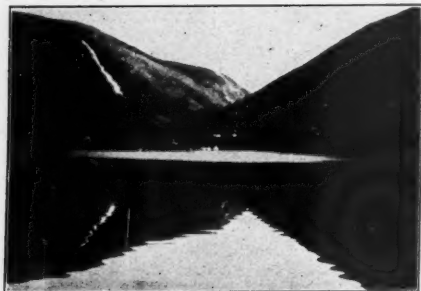
There are many who will consider this statement absurd. Of these I will ask this question. Are not the greater number of articles written for dental magazines, either instructions or descriptions of methods whereby the dentist may better serve his patients? Now how do you expect a man to serve some one else who first of all cannot serve or help himself?

There is nothing that helps to broaden the scope more than traveling and goodness knows the average dentist needs his "scope" broadened.

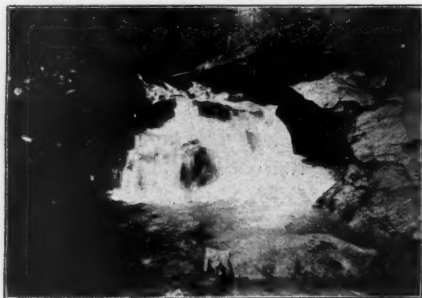
Out of my 5 years of practice, the last summers have found me in the mountains from 6 to 9 weeks. The younger practitioners ask me how I can afford it while the gray beards sadly wag their heads and mumble something about "neglecting business" and "never being successful."

Let me say right here that if being successful means that I spend 6 days a week for the better part of my life in a dental office, that my view of the world would be restricted to that motley array of dirty roofs and chimney tops, that confronts me each day from my office window; that I be denied the pleasure of strolling through the forests and over the mountains, feasting my eyes upon the wonders of nature uncontaminated by the hand of man; I say, if that be success then my only prayer is "Oh Lord let me be unsuccessful."

A trip across Lake Erie and Ontario, down the beautiful St. Lawrence



Franconia Notch, Echo Lake



The Falls at the Basin, Franconia Notch

through the Thousand Islands to Montreal, thence a day's ride southeast will find you in the Green Mountains of old Vermont. You have stepped out of your dinky sphere into a wonderful new world and such a trip for a tired dentist.

What is that continual swish, swish that awakens you on the second morning of your journey? Is it that confounded cuspidor getting ready to overflow again? No, No, that is merely the waves being plowed asunder by the swift moving boat. And that beautiful odor

that drifts in through your stateroom window, have they scrubbed down the decks with cologne? No, No, only fresh air, my brother. That poor old factory that has been insulted so long by the odor of drugs, onions and decaying teeth is now being treated to a dose of ozone.

What a change a few weeks will make; catching a glimpse of yourself in the mirror, you wonder if the tanned smiling countenance that looks back at you belongs to the same grouch, who, two weeks ago informed Mrs. Smith that there wasn't a dentist on God's green earth who could make a set of teeth to suit her.

Why shucks! you feel this morning that you could make a set of teeth for a hare lipped hippopotamus if you had to, but you don't have to, for you have decided to spend the morning at a "much more important task," namely "trout fishing."

What fisherman could resist the temptation to go forth into the clear,

cool morning air and follow the sparkling noisy mountain brook as it rushes over the rocks, leaps miniature falls and widens out into cool deep pools under the mountain forests. In these deep pools and under these falls is right where you're going to "get 'em too, believe me;" also let me say that a mess of brook trout is a king's dish and has any-



Lake Willoughby, Vt.



The Flume, Franconia Notch

thing in the fish line beaten to death.

By the time the first two weeks have passed, that office back home is a

mere haze in your memory, unyielding abscesses are things of the past, your brain is being healed by the process of nature and you are now beginning to assume the looks and actions of a regular human being.

This happy condition exists until about a week before time to return, then a restlessness creeps into your veins, slight at first, but ever increasing. A hankering, as it were, to get back into the harness.

This feeling is appeased only when you unlock your office door, open the window, knock the dust off the furniture and prepare to "go to it" with more vim and energy than ever before.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

BY EDWARD T. BRUNSON, D.D.S., OGDEN, IOWA

IT WAS in the early part of June and the call of the wild was arraying itself against the routine of the dental office.

I mentally examined different vacation possibilities, and had viewed the one of two weeks camping on the river banks, as the one best suited for our needs, conditions, conveniences and finances. My wife thoroughly spoiled my partial decision, by bringing one of her ladies' magazines, and reading a sketch of a newly married couple's honeymoon, taken afoot in the form of a long hike.

We discussed the possibilities of applying the idea to our own case, using it as a change from all our former customs in the line of vacations. Before we dropped the subject, we accepted the suggestion, and planned to send the two younger children to my wife's sister for a two weeks' visit; from there they would go to my wife's parents, where we would meet them. The older boy had made arrangements to accept a summer's job on a farm, so we would be free to take the hike by ourselves.

Saturday, June 26, 1915, was an exceeding long day, for we were all ready to start on our vacation as soon as I had finished my last appointment. As it was, we did not get started till 2:12 P.M.

We each carried an all-wool blanket, and we also took some rations along to use in case of an emergency. These consisted of dry foods for two reasons, namely, they were lighter to carry, and being dry, there was less chance of their deteriorating.

We had been taking walks almost daily, to put ourselves in good condition; and we had also both received benefit from attending an extra large garden. I will say here, if anyone cares to sample our last year's vacation, don't neglect to prepare by some similar training, for the exertions of a hike that continues day after day, for if you are like us (and

you probably are) you will not care to stop to lay around any place very long for rest. The desire to see the country that lays just ahead, will urge you on, even though you realize that a day's rest would be a benefit.

Between 2:12 and 5 P.M., we covered eight miles, and spent the night with some friends in Pilot Mound. Sunday morning at eight o'clock we started on, and ate our dinner at half past eleven in Dayton. We unrolled our blankets in the park and spent about an hour resting in the shade of the trees. At five o'clock we had a surprise at finding an old acquaintance on a farm eight miles south of Ft. Dodge, where we stayed for the night. Monday we took dinner with my sister in Ft. Dodge, and at five o'clock we stopped at a farm six miles from Humboldt, to see a black cocker spaniel and her puppies. My wife in her talk with the lady of the house, learned that we had stopped at the home of a chum of my wife's oldest sister. We were invited to spend the night with them and we were very pleasantly entertained. Tuesday night we stopped about five miles from Rolfe, and that was the only place where we were grudgingly received on the whole trip. The people were Danes and suspicious of strangers. When we were ready to start the following morning, the lady having learned what my wife's maiden name was, realized that she had known my father-in-law, when he had lived at Rolfe, and she was very profuse in her apologies, and even asked us not to start till later in the day.

In such varied ways we travelled—sometimes over prairie roads, sometimes through timber or along beautiful streams, sometimes following the railroad track for a few miles. When we reached the home of my wife's parents in Emmetsburg, we felt that the hike was far ahead of anything we had before tried. We spent about two weeks with relatives; did some fishing and returned home again ready to take up the routine of office and house work, with clearer minds and stronger muscles.

A SPECIFIC FOR POISON OAK OR IVY

I have found through tests on numerous friends this summer that a solution of Chinosol is practically a specific for poison oak or ivy. One tablet dissolved in a quart of water, or for convenience $\frac{1}{4}$ tablet in 8 ounces, makes a 1:1000 solution. The tablets come 12 in a package at \$.50.—F. L. DUNGAN, D. D. S., *Hollister, Cal.*

WHAT A VACATION DID FOR ME

BY J. H. BURNS, D.D.S., HUTCHINSON, MINN.

BEGINNING, as I now remember, at about 12 years of age up to 27, I had been troubled with constipation, and bad enough so that several times each year I would get cramps in bowel region that were nothing to smile about.

I always had been fond of hunting and fishing, and longed for a trip to the north woods. So when a M.D. friend asked me to go and also informed me that it would be a good relief for my ailment, I went.

The first day we packed in 15 miles and the days following made from 15 to 20 miles hunting, and thus for 3 weeks. I never ate so much, slept so sound, or walked so much and still I gained 12 lbs. Since the first day of that trip I have had no pains, the old trouble disappeared and I have since felt as a man should. That trip took place in Nov. 1907. I have been going ever since.

I used to think that I couldn't afford these vacations. Now I think that I cannot afford to miss them. One man said that you can do 12 months' work in 11 months better than you can do it in 12. I fully agree with him, I have tried it for several years.

Robt. W. Service, in one of his poems says:

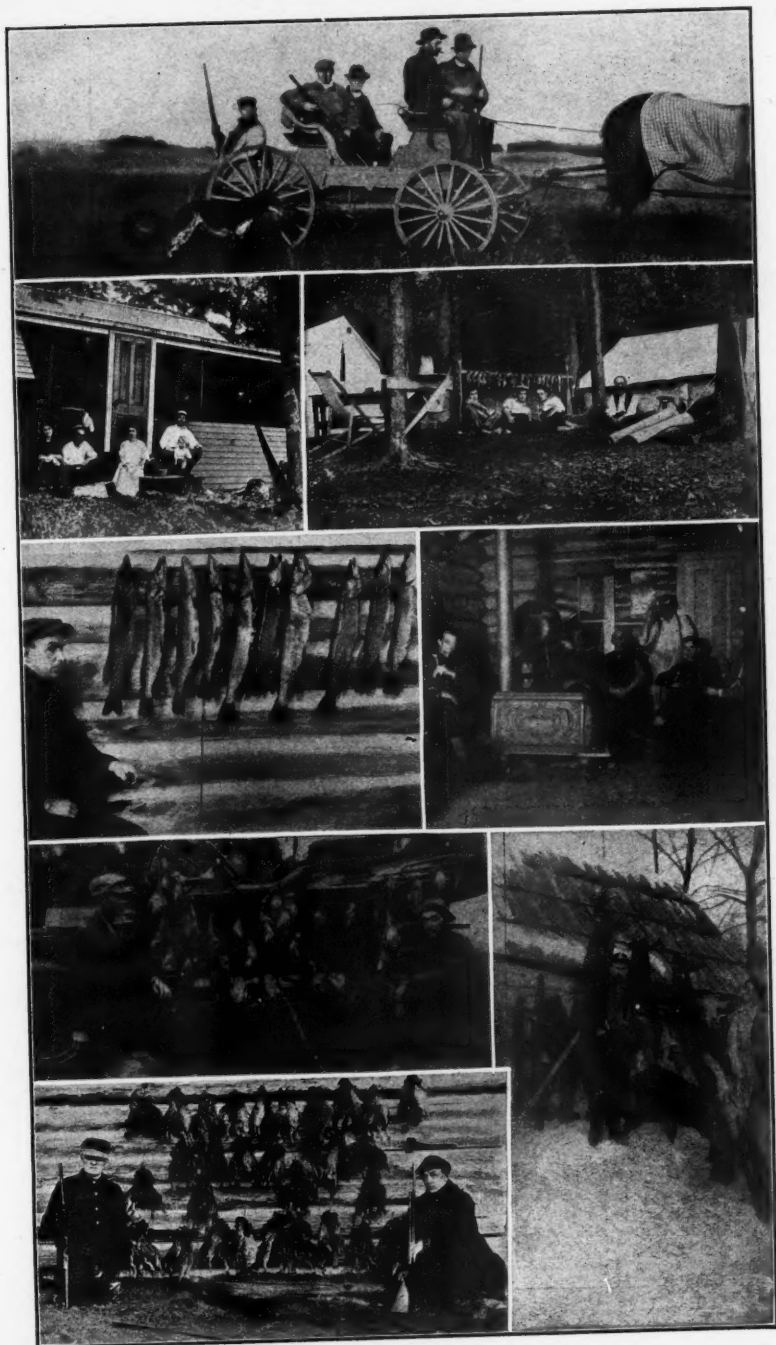
"When nature calls a show down, and you pay the bill,
Time has got a little bill—get wise while yet you may,
For the debit side's increasing, in a most alarming way;
The things you had no right to do, the things you should a'done
They're all put down: It's up to you to pay for everyone."

Naturally man is a lover of out-door sports. It's the call of the wild. Then I say go camping, hunting, fishing, canoeing or what not, where you can build yourself a bed of boughs, inject into your lungs the pure ozone of that unadulterated air. You'll eat, sleep, and feel like a new man, and on your return you can do better work, more work, and more than all, you will feel like working.

So many men think that they have to lay up that little fortune during the first few years of life, that they may retire and take one long vacation, and it surely will be. When that time comes they are not satisfied, they begin to realize that they have missed something, a something which in their few remaining years they can never get.

I started to retire several years ago, while still a young man, retiring as it appears to me on the installment plan, a few weeks each year, and by so doing, hope to be able to work that much longer.

See how we took our vacation, on opposite page.



AN APRIL VACATION

BY W. B. LEE, D.D.S., EUGENE, OREGON

WHILE the month of April is a little in advance of the usual time for vacations, we choose this period of fourteen days from April first, which is the opening date for trout in our district, in order to catch the number of fish that the law allows in Oregon and get away from root canals so that our nervous system will not forsake us entirely.

Bright and early we began to load our dunnage upon a four horse hack, for Oregon roads are a trifle muddy yet, especially after the first twelve miles. It is sometimes a long way from the bottom of the holes and the wheels will be just one circle of mud, while the rear axle drags on

the level. We walk as the hack is all that the horses wish to pull over the mountain. We have started for Triangle Lake a distance of twenty-four miles, a good ten hours away.

We reach Slayter's store about three o'clock and get a big meal which is certainly enjoyable, as



Happy Day Lodge

we have eaten an early breakfast and walked up a five mile hill through the mud. Two days before, this would have seemed an impossibility but the great out-doors is in our blood and our efforts seem untiring. After our repast, we are again happy and again satisfied with life, for will not a few more miles bring us to the lake? Ah! the Lake! A beautiful body of water, the covering of nine-hundred and ninety acres of land, it is surrounded by tree-covered mountains.

We purchase our groceries, hams and other supplies here. The cook makes sure that he has sufficient amount for he has watched us consume Mrs. Slayter's bounteous dinner and he must be prepared for the worst.

We are now fortified against hunger so again hitch up our four horse team and move onward. The steeds, accustomed to these hardships, soon bring us to our cabins where we unload and send them back to Slayter's.

Maybe we are perspiring from our work and going without coats or again perhaps it is raining, but we are prepared for either emergency, as the weather is always erratic at this time of the year. In either condition

we are happy and sure to be hungry so the first thoughts are of fire-wood. We may have a store of fine dry wood or we may not find even kindling wood depending entirely upon chance that some weary wayfarer may have spent some cozy days therein.

Everyone sleeps like an innocent child, our bunks are boards with fern-leaves and grass under the army blankets. We are tired and thoughts of the morrow bring pleasant anticipation of fishing for those delicious little mountain trout.

The morning may bring sun or rain, what care we! however, to be on the safe-side, we put in our shoes for sun, and boots and slickers for rain. The angle worms we have brought from the Willamette Valley are soon dangling from a bamboo pole. You can put three hooks on each line and it is a safe bet that you will get three trout every other cast. Did I say Cast? Am afraid that some of these true bass sports will call this first degree murder, but fish are so plentiful here that it does not take a full day to bag the limit of seventy-five. After a few days of catching so many you become satisfied and are ready to quit early in the day. The other boats may be near and we can sing or have political discussions without interfering the least with the running of the trout.

The strange part about this lake is that the fish will not bite here except in April and November, though they are caught above and below almost any time of the year. In August or any other month the trout are seen jumping all day long but nothing will tempt them to take a hook.

As the mud hens make music (?) for our ears and sport for our twenty-two calibre rifle, they are artful dodgers and go out of sight at the crack of the gun; you look up thinking it has been driven into the mud, but a few rods away he comes up with the same original yell. Cranes and ducks are seen; sometimes the most of the migratory birds have started north thirty days before.

Four of us salted down over two thousand fish for our friends and ourselves. These little fish are easily canned and like salmon, there are no bones when they are boiled. A lemon and a can of this delicacy is very palatable during the summer for luncheons and every bite brings back pleasant memories of a



Triangle Lake, Oregon

delightful fortnight. At the end of that time town is beginning to call and a comfortable bed will be a luxury indeed. Even the dental chair and cabinet will be home sights and you will feel naturally for the engine throttle, your lungs are full of ozone, your mind cleared of its clouds and you are a strong man again, ready for everyone's troubles.

A DELIGHTFUL CAMPING TRIP

BY WALTER S. COLE, D.D.S., BRADFORD, VT.

THIS is the story of a pleasant camping trip taken last August, the ideal time as the roads are at their best, dog day weather passed, and the berry season at its full height. The trip was made by auto and we travelled over five hundred miles.

Ever since I was a boy I have had a longing to go camping and as the opportunity never came then, I am renewing my youth now each year with my wife and three children.

No other place affords better opportunities for such outings than the three northern New England States. One can have a diversity of scenery and air; mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes, woods and ocean, and all can be enjoyed in a ten day trip, or less, if necessary.

Few dentists who are blessed with families can afford to spend any time at hotels for a vacation; the auto gives the whole family an outing with very little expense, in fact, fifty dollars will cover the expense for a party of five, three being kiddies (outfit excluded). My outfit consists of a 9 x 12 ft. 6 oz. duck tent, which is very light and takes very little space, a fly 12 x 16 ft. 10 oz. duck, this gives the best protection from rain and wind; and being extended four feet at the front of the tent, gives us extra room, and is fastened by the aid of an extra pole to the auto, it being placed longitudinally in front of the tent and affords us the use of it for clothing, etc. I also have a large piece of oil cloth 15 x 15 feet, this is laid for a floor covering and is fastened up the sides of tent by hooks; this excludes everything from an ant to a rattlesnake and also protects us from dampness. This and some five yards of mosquito netting for the front of tent and the fly are the essential things for comfort.

For easy packing we cut the ridge pole in the centre and screwed a large flat hinge 12 inches long on the under side which enabled us to fold it thus about the same length as the upright poles; all are fastened together by window cord. Those are painted black to make them less conspicuous as they and the tent, except the fly, are carried on the running board. We put the tent in a black oil cloth bag for the same reason.

For a bed we took the ticking from a single and a double mattress, these were obtained from two hair mattresses which I had made over. The tent being pitched, I hike to the nearest farmhouse, telling the farmer what we were doing and asked for the loan of enough hay to fill our mattresses, which we will return when leaving camp. We have never met a farmer who refused us, in fact, we have made many warm friends on our trips. We placed these at the closed end of tent and smoothed them as evenly as possible. Since disposing of my horses, I made use of their blankets by placing them over these mattresses and upon them some sheets and we had a good comfortable bed large enough for all. Gray blankets and steamer rugs give us ample top coverings. A small sofa pillow and pillow slip was provided for each one. This does away with cumbersome, heavy mattresses, and the empty ticks take no room and are of little weight.

For cooking outfit we took two chafing dishes and used condensed alcohol for fuel, these were carried in a telescope grip with knives, forks, spoons, cups, paper plates and napkins, etc.

A second telescope grip was used for food stuff, using a large cake tin with the cover up. We also carried a sewing table, three camp chairs, a ten quart pail for water, an electric light, each a bathing suit, rubbers, a change of underclothing, etc., all of which filled three dress suit cases. Also a good supply of food such as bacon, that which is put up in glass jars, a four quart pail of eggs, packed in corn flakes, also a four quart pail of boiled potatoes, cereals, butter, soups, etc. In packing, we placed the sewing table at the bottom space between seats, then the telescope grips, then the dress suit cases and over all the fly. Camp chairs were placed between the grips.

Leaving home at 8 A.M. we had our first meal at the Crawford Notch, allowing ourselves ample time to see the hotels at Bethlehem and Bretton Woods. One could write a book on this beautiful spot but time will not suffice. After dinner we slowly wended our way down through the Notch stopping many times to see the beautiful water falls and ere long we were passing through Bartlett, Intervail and Conway. Here we left the state road for Tamworth, at which place a friend had invited us to pitch our tent at "Pines on the Hill" a small hotel at the summit of a hill, commanding a beautiful view of Mt. Chocorua and the surrounding country. The following morning, Saturday, we headed for Portland. On reaching Sebago Lake and seeing a beautiful camp site, we decided to pitch tent for the second night. Sunday morning found us in Portland and after seeing many places of interest we started for Old Orchard, arriving in time to have a good turkey dinner. For the remainder of our trip we had our dinners at restaurants, except one. This was the only

dinner for which we paid over fifty cents. Two days were spent at Old Orchard and two at York Beach, and the seventh day found us in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and that night was spent in the town of Farmington, coming by way of Dover and Rochester. The next day was spent on Lake Winnepesaukee and the ninth day found us home by way of Plymouth and the Franconia Notch.

Here is a trip worth while for after taking five similar outings I consider this one the best and no dentist is too poor to take advantage of it.

I wish I could persuade every dentist to take a camping vacation; in no way can one be brought closer to nature. One may not want to break camp as often as we did, but this can be done to his own liking. Try and come this way this coming year, Doctor, and if I can give you any further information, I shall be only too pleased to do so.

THE BEACH OR MOUNTAINS?

BY L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D.D.S., PORTLAND, OREGON

YES, I finally decided to take that vacation! I was probably a Star member of that class of "busy" dentists who could not see how they could possibly "waste" two weeks of their precious time out of their offices! However, I have discovered that tired nerves are not a good business asset, and when I burn holes in my crowns about every third trial and have to spend a lot of time angling for broken broaches in mesio-lingual roots of lower second molars, I immediately climb the attic stairs armed with my wife's sewing machine oil, and proceed to place my reel and fishing paraphernalia in order.

If you live in Oregon (and I extend my sympathies to my Kansas brothers), the first question is "Which? Beach or mountains?" Personally, if I am pinned to a choice, I will take the mountains every time, but doubly best are those who can have both in one, and if you will follow me I can lead you over the steepest of mountain trails which ends abruptly in the Sea. The Tillamook line from Portland to the beach is rough and wild but beautiful in its untouched grandeur, and a six hour ride takes you the whole way.

Our party last summer was composed of a Portland business man, myself and our wives. (Don't forget the wives—if they're the right sort that can climb the trails and carry a fishing rod!) Two weeks is little enough time to sample even once the different varieties of nerve tonics offered at the end of the Tillamook line. Details are of course out of the question. The beach held our interest at first, with the heaving surf

carrying us light as corks, and the stinging spray in our eyes and nostrils. However, I must say it takes practice and about 97° in the shade to really enjoy the surf!

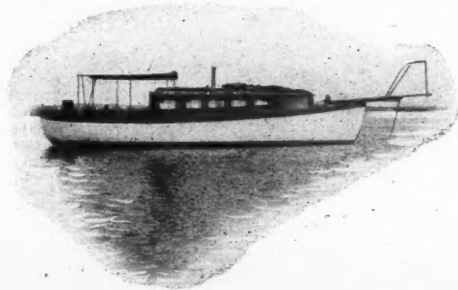
The next to tempt us was the rod and line, and here certainly lies the great attraction of any outing. (Now, of course I don't expect you to believe this part of my tale!) Our first experience for sea fish yielded twelve beauties netting about twenty-five pounds. They were off the rocks about twenty-five or thirty feet down, mostly rock cod. But in all our fishing experience there was nothing to equal our trips back in the mountains up the Miami River. To stand in the current nearly waist deep while a twelve inch trout plays with a hundred feet of enameled silk is a tonic worthy of a king; and while we didn't get many big ones there were hundreds of "legal" size anxious to try our flies.

Clams and crabs were to be had in abundance when the tide was right, but since my experience last summer I am strongly opposed to either clams or crabs as a regular article of diet! The clams were dug with narrow spades, and when you know just where to go, the digging soon yields big returns. The crabs were not so easy to get, but it was great fun fishing them out of the holes in the rocks with our long handled rakes. A full grown crab's not a very sociable creature when dragged from his nest among rocks, and in fact is likely to become quite hostile if overtures are made to reconcile him to his new surroundings.

It was all over too soon, but when I reached the office on Monday morning, it seemed as if months had passed, and I remember vaguely wondering whether my patients had all deserted me and if my old friends were still in town. A little guarded inquiry soon revealed the fact that I had never been missed! Such is life!

It was only two weeks, yet I acquired a healthy coat of tan, a reservoir of rested nerve cells, and a host of memories—the details of which make excellent conversational matter, and may be varied according to the audience!

Yes, we are going again this year; in fact three weeks will find us for a week end at the head waters of the Kalama River—but that'll be another story!



OUR WISCONSIN RIVER TRIP

By C. F. STEKL, D.D.S., RICE LAKE, WIS.

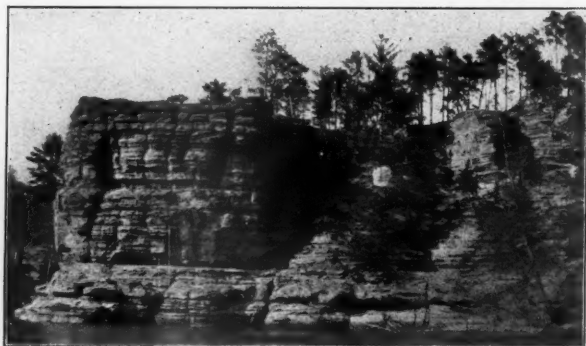


Outfit we use here

WHILE reading the June number of the DENTAL DIGEST, an idea came to me that maybe a few of "the boys" might be glad to hear of a trip we took down the good old "Wisconse." The trip was planned and executed during the summer months of 1914 by Wm. Schmidt of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, and author.

The start was made from Lake Vieux Desert, the headwaters of the "Wisconse," whose glorious waters tumble and turn kitty corner through the state until they empty into the "Father of Waters" the Mississippi, at Prairie du Chien. Lake Vieux Desert, one of the most beautiful lakes of the north, is situated in north-eastern Wisconsin with arms extending into Michigan. Splendid fishing is to be had, pike, bass, pickerel and muskalonge. We spent a few days here, fishing and exploring the wilds of the virgin north.

Then we began our down-stream trip. The first twenty miles is little more than a twisting, turning creek with hardly enough water to float the canoe. She soon widened out, however, and by noon, we had fair sailing. We often saw deer, who startled by the approach of a man gave one look and bounded away to the forest fastnesses. Ducks were in abundance and we enjoyed watching the young scurry to cover while the cannymoth-er bird attempted to draw us away from their hiding place. Our only grumble was that it was not duck season for duck-stew is relished by the best of men especially when cooked in the woods. We passed numerous bass lakes where we often tried our luck and gladdened our repast by fresh fish.



Big Rock, the Dells

Our first real experience came when about fifty miles above Rhinelander we met with Rainbow Rapids. We ran the upper part, but when it came to the horseshoe bend, we concluded we had better not tempt fate. An easy portage was made here, we passed numerous trout streams and the catching of the game beauties was one of our big events. Going up Sugar Camp Creek, we spent a few days on Dam Lake, a hardly known lake about twelve miles southeast of Eagle River. Pikes were in abundance and were well enjoyed.

We passed through Rhinelander taking a few days to visit North Pelican Lake and to replenish our supplies. Another hair raiser, we met at Nigger Island Rapids. If anyone is in search of hair-

raising stunts, just try running rapids in a canoe. It is great sport and it gives your hair plenty of exercise. We passed through Tomahawk where at Kings Dam a marine railway is in operation. As we pass Merrill, Wau-

sau, the land becomes less wild and more farms in evidence. We often had stews and roast corn from them. As we approach Kilbourn we pass the Dells. There is no more beautiful scenery in the country than that contained in the Dells. We spent a most pleasant day "taking in" those natural beauties, The Anvil, The Witches Gulch, Stand Rock, Cold Water Canyon and many others too numerous to mention. As our time was nearly up we reluctantly left these beauties and again started down stream. We passed Kilbourn, the lower Dells and Portage. We drew the canoe out of the water at Merrimac, for there is not much of



Standing Rock

interest below. I can say we spent the time, three weeks and three days, in a most healthful and ever wonder seeing manner. We had hard work to do, portaging twenty-eight dams, but this seemed as play. We had slept in hay marshes on sand banks and bed rock and again in most beautiful surroundings. Although inexpensive, costing us less than \$15 apiece, we had a most wonderful trip, not only for health and sport, but the trip acted as an object lesson in natural geography and showed us that the beauties of dear old Wisconsin State were such as to be never forgotten.



A fair load when portaging



Three of us

AN AUTO TRIP, AUGUST, 1915

By J. M. MILLER, D.D.S., EUGENE, ORE.

SEVERAL months before the time of the International Dental Congress at San Francisco, the thought came to me to make the trip one of pleasure for the entire family, and combine the summer outing with the wonders of the Exposition. So when I purchased my big 5 passenger touring Peace car, I kept my good eye ever toward the San Francisco goal, and when we left our garage with camp outfit and provisions it was a jolly little party, full of expectancy that started up the little hill on high.

On the front seat beside me, sat the son, age seven, on the back seat was the daughter, age nine, and the wife, age—(figures only given confidentially). We carried a small tent in case of rain but did not use it. A very comfortable bed was made by lifting the two seats and supporting them by two iron bars laid on the backs of the seats, the foot rest was completed by hooking a piece of canvas, hammock-like from the end of these iron bars to the wind shield. We also carried a folding cot which,

when properly blanketed and placed beside the auto, furnished a fine position for viewing the wonders of the starry heavens. He who has not slept out under the open sky has missed one of life's keen pleasures.



"Ours"

A travelling box strapped to the trunk rack was filled with cooking utensils and food. A friend in a wholesale grocery house donated a large bag of canned goods for which I wrote

him en route and thanked him. If "Uncle Bill" can get any pointers from the following, he is welcome. It ran something like this:

"DEAR HENNERY:

Them little fish you give us in the little flat cans what said they was done in oil by the French, seemed to be in bad when opened, they wuz all dead so crowded in together, their heads off and quite some odor yes, but we wuz so hungry we et them eny how; Hoaping you air the same etc.

"J. M."

Our blankets were carried in a large canvas bag on the running board. A fishing rod, hand axe, camera water bag and Oregon-California road book about completed the outfit, unless mention should be made of some pockets made of cloth with a flap which the good wife had tacked to the inside of the rear doors. These were very handy for soap, talcum powder, combs and tooth brushes—in separate pockets if you please.

After the first night out we rested well. We followed the Pacific Highway south to a little town in southern Oregon called Goldhill. (Couldn't see any significance in the name.) Here we took a side trip to Crater Lake. This wonderful spot, which the Government has seen fit to enclose as a National Park, is well worth a trip across the continent to see. We spent a day here feasting our eyes on this freak of nature with its beautiful indigo lake, 5 miles in diameter and a thousand feet below rim of the mountain walls which surround it.

After a bath in this clear cold lake, a boat ride and fishing, we climbed the long tiresome mountain trail to the top with much misgiving of the knees, broiled our fish, packed up and began the long coast down the several thousand feet we climbed the day before. Instead of returning to Goldhill we took the road by way of Fort Klamath, Klamath Lakes and Klamath Falls—on down into California.

Toward the close of each day we began to look for a good camping place and a farmhouse where milk and eggs could be procured. The big feed of the day came at evening when more time could be given than at the noon lunch which was just a cold bite. Yet I shall never forget many of our breakfasts of broiled bacon and toast flavored with a little charcoal and the cold milk from the bucket left over night in the mountain stream near by.

At one time we selected a camp by the road side near a stream and trees where a ranchman gave us some goat's milk and fresh venison. Now if a breakfast of broiled venison and trimmings does not place a dentist in a very optimistic mood, at peace with the world, and make him forget putrescent canals, then surely he is beyond human help—prognosis

unfavorable. I afterward sent this kind man a little picture we took at his place and on the back I quoted these lines—"I'll build my house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man."



Travelling along with Nature

We were glad to note the kindness and courtesy of fellow tourists along the road, always passing with a salute and when mending a tire, being offered assistance.

After travelling one entire day on monotonous narrow winding mountain roads, we descended into

the Sacramento Valley at Redding at about 9 P.M., found the thermometer at 109 and were told, while having the gas tank filled, that it had been 120 that day! How we welcomed next day the cool ocean breezes, as we approached upper San Francisco Bay, and in honor of the event I drew hot water from the radiator and under the shade of some eucalyptus trees took a much needed shave, the children scrubbed their faces and the wife indulged in talcum powder. We drove the machine on a ferry boat at Vallejo and, after a pleasant cool ride of two and a half hours, landed in San Francisco.

After selecting a furnished apartment on Van Ness Ave., we returned to the ways of the civilized world, had a bath in a porcelain tub and slept



Preparing the "big feed of the day"

in beds; but even with all windows open the rooms seemed close after a week's sleeping out in the open.

After the dental congress and sight seeing at the exposition, we were

all keen for the return trip which took us a new route for the first two thirds of the journey. It led near the Pacific Ocean and there the famous red wood forests. The scenery was grand and inspiring and the ocean views from some of the mountain roads will never be forgotten. The night we camped in the great forest filled us with awe. Here silence reigned supreme. The tops of these old monarchs many hundred years old towering above us so high seemed to reach the very stars.

One interesting feature of the entire trip was the wanderlust that made us anxious every morning to get started for new scenery and the unknown before us.

No accident of any moment marred the trip, although on one of the narrow mountain roads we had a narrow escape when I took my eye only for a second from the "straight (?) and narrow way," when a sinking feeling and a scream from my little girl caused down brakes. Luckily the rear wheel held and after the family had jumped to safety, I backed the car on to the road again. It was somewhat exciting to see the loose stones roll down the mountain side, and I profited by the experience.

One other time we were very anxious for a few minutes. Near Crescent City in Northern California, the road leads on to the beach at low tide for a five mile spin. Such fine sport on the hard smooth sand, no speed limit and the breakers roaring near by. We stopped only a few moments to get a picture and then noticed the car had settled into wet sand nearly over the tires and yet not quite touching the rims. I was much surprised to find that the trusty little engine could not even budge the wheels held in this vice-like grip. So the tide was coming in. We became alarmed. A farmer's team appeared in the distance and while I was getting my rope ready, the honor of the rescue must be given to wifey, for she and the children began digging the wet sand away in front of the wheels and I pulled out unaided just as the team came alongside. Again the tenderfoot learned his lesson, and you may be sure afterward on the beach "the little Ford rambled right along."

When a few days afterward our familiar hills came in view, we welcomed the sight of home. The trip was not only a great pleasure but a benefit to us all in storing up energy for the winter's work—not time lost from the office, but time and health gained.

MORNING ROBINS' SONG

BY STANTON A. BROWN

There's a cheerful sort of something

In the robins' morning song,

Makes life seem more worth living,

And a sad day seem less long.—*Dumb Animals.*

SUCCESSFUL DEER HUNT IN MASSACHUSETTS

BY CHARLES L. TWICHELL, D.D.S., WARREN, MASS.

THEY say, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and I know that a dentist gets pretty tired of root canals and nervous patients, "who have lost their nerve." Therefore a well-spent vacation is a most profitable investment for the dentist.

So the third week in November we set aside, it being the open season for hunting deer in Massachusetts.



Our camp near Beaver Pond

we were off with a 10 x 12 Barker balloon silk tent, weight 5 lbs., and our blankets and food supply for a week.

We were driven to a place called Beaver Pond near the town of Ware. Having first obtained a permit from the farmer to camp on his land, and to cut wood for a camp-fire, my Pal and I enjoyed one of the most enjoyable vacations that we ever spent. As you will see, each picture tells a story by itself.

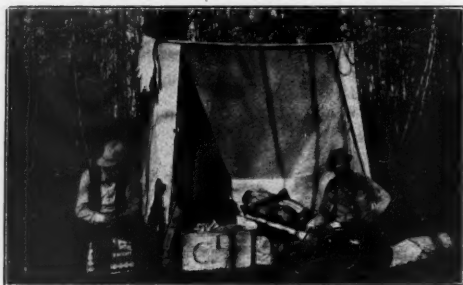
The first day was spent making camp and we had it all completed by noon. Hungry. A dinner in the Waldorf had nothing on us, and best of all, no after dinner appointments.

My Pal, who has had some experience camping, certainly knew how to build a camp-fire.

The evenings were spent watching the fire, swapping stories and a visit occasionally from the farmer or some member of his family.

My Pal and I decided to camp out that week and by planning all through the summer the arrangements were made. There was just one thing to worry us, the weather. We thought it would be pretty cold.

When the day arrived for our departure



My pal and I

As the fire grew dim early, we would roll ourselves up in our blankets, for we were to be up early in the morning. Up we were at four o'clock, made a hasty breakfast and were out on the deer run before daybreak. Returning to our camp at noon time tired, happy and hungry, when we prepared our dinner it was fit for a king.



My pal's lucky shot

Saw several deer but did not get a shot until the last day that being Saturday at 7 A.M., my Pal being the lucky man. Our hats went up in the air and our hurrahs were heard for miles around.

This certainly is the only sport for a dentist—being in the open air, after being confined to his office for a year.

A SURE CURE AND A PLEASANT ONE

DEAR READERS OF DENTAL DIGEST:

The best cure I ever found for laziness and tired feeling is a vacation of some kind. A vacation? Yes, anywhere, just so you get away from



"Resting and meditating"

your office work and the people round about you. Go where you can sleep just as long as you care to; rise just as early as you like, and dress just anyway to be comfortable. Be sure to take a lot of good luck with you, so when you go fishing,

you will get a nice mess for your dinner.

This is just what my wife and I do every season—my, but it is jolly fun. After being in the water and splashing around, especially before breakfast! We enjoy our meals wonderfully and you feel so spry, one don't know what has come over him.

We have an "Overland" roadster, and when we get our camping

outfit, bathing suits and big hats, we are ready for our journey. There is no fuss about sporty gowns for my wife, but we just see that we have enough money along to get eatables and gasoline.

We usually go to Ottertail County, Minn., that is the county in which



"Away from all trials and cares"

I was born, and it is a beautiful country, about 200 miles from our town, Finley, No. Dak.

We spend our time either at Battle Lake or Ottertail Lake. When we go to Ottertail Lake we stay at our cousin's camp, Rev. Kvale and fam-

ily. They come every season clear from Orfordville, Wisconsin, to camp at Ottertail Lake. I am not such a great water bird as my wife is, but she and the Kvale children are in the first thing before breakfast and the last thing in the evening. We sleep on a big open porch and to sleep one night in the open where there is fresh air all around and you can hear the water dashing against the rocks and shore is so soothing. One never wakes up with a headache or a drowsy feeling.

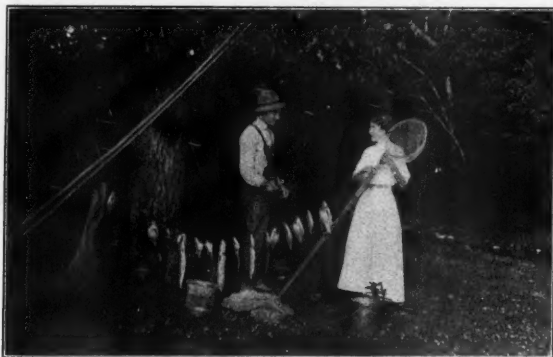
I want to describe Ottertail Lake to you. It's about 15 miles long and 10 miles wide and the Red River runs through it. Near our camp is the county Sanitarium, a fine building just finished two years ago. The finest thing about this lake is that you can walk out over a half a mile before you come to what the people there called "The break off" so there was no danger whatever in allowing children to play there alone.

Some days we take our lunch and our paraphernalia and go to some other lake (my wife calls this an "expedition"), stay all day and fish and roam around the woods. One really feels as though he were exploring a new country in some places where the brush is so thick. I am sending you a clipping of my wife and I on a rock we discovered on an island on one of these little lakes; we were just resting and meditating a little when we took this, and, by the way, all of our pictures where we are both on, we took by using a string to snap it. See!



Just "we two" enjoying it

you don't need a photographer along. Another one is of us again and the mess of fish we caught once we were out, and the third is myself in the boat.



"Our Catch"

You can just bet we were glad we spent two weeks enjoying ourselves in this manner, away from all trials and cares and especially from my office work. And it did my wife just heaps of good. When we arrived home she just loved to do her home duties once again.

A rest like this every summer is the best remedy when one is tired and discouraged. Don't ever go alone, be sure to take your wife along, if you are lucky enough to have one, if not, take your sweetheart, and you that have both a wife and children, by all means take them all along. You will enjoy it so much more.

Come, let us all go and have a good rest and when you get back you will love your work all the more for having done so.

Your D.D.S. Brother

L. P. LARSON,
Finley, No. Dak.



Fishing in Springtime

GOOD TIMES IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY



Boys, this is what puts pounds of fat on a fellow's chops. Try it. Good times in Pocahontas County, W. Va.



Camp life in the wilds of Pocahontas County. The old Gibson camp. Trout fishing is fine.—E. W. Hill, D.D.S., Morgantown, W. Va.

AN OUTING IN THE OZARKS

BY B. L. GAMBLE, D.D.S., COFFEYVILLE, KAN.

THIS article is intended especially for the brother dentist who thinks he cannot afford to take his family and enjoy a real outing for at least a couple of weeks, during the warm months of the year.

Our family consists of—self, wife and four children, two girls and two boys, but the older girl electing to go elsewhere, left five of us for the camping party. We began planning our vacation early in the summer, I think shortly after we received the vacation number of the DENTAL DIGEST, and selected the Ozarks for place as it is the very best place in all the Middle West for recreation; mountains, boating, bathing, fishing and all that goes to make up the pleasures of out-door life.

As we were all in favor of camping out, the first thing purchased was a tent 9 x 12 in size which was bought at bargain sale for \$7.34, a small gasoline stove, camp chairs, stools, etc., were ordered shipped from the nearest wholesale point to our camping place. This outfit cost \$6.50.

A few days before we started on our outing (which was the last two weeks in August) we had our tent, canoe, etc., shipped so they would be there when we arrived.

When we were ready to go we packed three trunks with bed clothes, cooking utensils, fishing tackle, bathing suits, etc., and these were checked as baggage without extra cost to destination.



The boys punting



Taking a bath

We arrived at the beautiful little Ozark town with its green hills for background and the silvery Elk River describing a horse-shoe below it. On Monday morning and before noon a camping site was found on the banks of a beautiful little creek a short distance from where it emptied into the river. Under some immense sycamore trees we pitched our tent and nearby purchased two bales of fine new prairie hay which was spread on floor of the tent and also stuffed into bed ticks which the good wife had prepared for our use, and in a surprisingly short time we were cooking our

first meal under the trees and our real vacation was on. We found that we could buy everything we wanted in groceries, garden products, milk, butter, eggs, fruit, etc., close at hand for less than we had paid for them at home and they had the advantage of being fresh. Space forbids me going into the details of our outing but we fished, bathed, boated and climbed mountains to our heart's content.

We caught plenty of the finny tribe too—but we always licked the platter clean, for they were so good and you get so hungry when you live in the open as we did.

We returned home the first week in September, happy, rested, healthy and feeling that our vacation was a real outing and at nominal expense, as exclusive of carfare it cost us very little more than if we had remained at home.

A LAUNCH TRIP

By L. A. LUPTON, D.D.S., SEATTLE, WASH.



"The Maud"

OUR party of five was composed of Mr. Stafford, a retired farmer, formerly of Winnipeg, Canada, a man seventy years of age, but not too old to go out with the boys and have as much fun as any of them, his son, Mr. Earl Stafford, a young expert mechanic, Mr. John Huffman, a young man about twenty-two, and Mr. George Foulds, the youngest, all neighbors and friends, who with myself made up the crew of the gallant boat *Maud*, which I purchased a couple of years ago. Her engine is a seven-horse power one-cylinder, two cycle gas engine, and drives the boat along at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The Staffords have an auto, and the boys took our eats and bed

clothing down to the boat in the afternoon, and we went off on our voyage in the evening.

We lit our lights and had them in their places. The law required a red light on the starboard side, a green one on the port side, a white one near the bow, and a white one at the stern, raised on a pole several feet above the cabin. We placed the bedding and eatables in the lockers under the seats, and at 7:10 P.M. Earl started the engine, George and John loosened her moorings and the *Maud* slipped gracefully into Shileshole Bay. I was at the wheel.

The next half hour was uneventful. There was a little cove ahead where I had seen a little dock a year ago, and I thought it would be a good place to tie up for the night, as the place was fairly well protected from wind and waves.

When we came to the cove, which we recognized by the fireplace at the brick yard, as it was commencing to get dark by this time, we headed in. Earl took a position at the bow and signaled me with the signal bell, for we had previously made up a code of signals to suit ourselves. In this way we ran up to within two rods of the shore, but there was no dock there at all; so I concluded that I must have been mistaken about its location, and decided to go ahead to Richmond Beach. This was where we made our mistake, as it would have been much better to have thrown out the anchor where we were for the night. We found out the next day that the little dock had been there, but was taken out. We had gone on only about fifteen minutes when our troubles commenced.

Our little skiff, twelve feet long, and although new, rather poorly constructed, was trailing behind the launch. We had fastened it to the launch with a strong rope, but it broke loose. Fortunately I happened to see it at the time and reversed the engine. It was dark but the boys managed to keep it in sight until we got alongside, but, by this time it was about two thirds full of water and almost swamped. I stopped the engine and threw out the anchor, and while Mr. Stafford held a lantern, the other four of us wrestled with the skiff, and it was some wrestling match, too. We first lashed the near side to the launch, but that only made matters worse, as the far side dipped to the waves and caught water faster than we could bail it out.

In spite of our efforts, the boats smashed together and half broke the gunwale of the skiff. Finally John managed to reach out and after a great deal of effort secured a rope to the outside of the skiff, and by the aid of this we kept it level enough to bail out most of the water. We found the boat was leaking badly, and decided to haul it up on deck over the bow. We were so exhausted from our work that we were hardly

able to haul it on deck, and it took a half hour to secure it firmly with ropes.

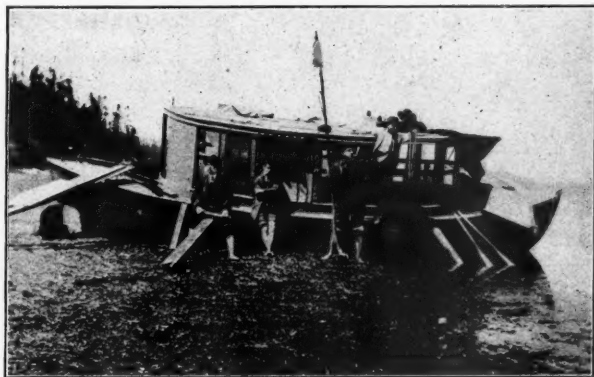
We didn't like to proceed over the rough waters with the skiff across the bows, as it would be a wind catcher and wouldn't help to balance the launch. So we decided to remain where we were for the night. We now, having time to look around, discovered that the pole with the stern light had snapped and disappeared in the water.

We arranged our quilts and blankets so that two would sleep on the floor and three on boards laid across between the seats. We cast lots and the lower berth fell to John and I. The *Maud* was rolling considerably when we retired, and we were all a little nervous, to say the least. But every fellow was laughing and had a joke to tell. The rest slept all right, but I was worrying for fear the anchor would pull loose or the rope break and we would be thrown upon the shore.

About a half hour before daybreak I managed to fall off to sleep but just as the gray dawn appeared one of the boys awoke and it was good night for the rest of us. John pulled in the anchor and coiled up the rope; Earl cranked the engine and at 4:15 A.M. we started ahead and a half hour later, when opposite Richmond Beach, we headed westward across the sound, toward the north end of Bainbridge Island. The wind had gone down somewhat and it was not so rough as when we started, but before we got across we found it pretty choppy, and changed our course to northwest so as not to get the full force of the waves on the broadside. In less than an hour we had arrived near the shore of the mainland, north of Bainbridge Island. The sun came up in all its glory and shone on a fine sand beach, an ideal place to camp. We cast anchor about 150 yards from shore, in about a fathom and a half of water.

The skiff was launched and with one passenger and one to row at a trip and tipping the boat over to empty the water at each landing, we were soon landed. We built a fire between two drift logs under the green boughs of the trees that line the shore. Behind us was a green bank of thick foliage and before us was the white sand of the shore and the blue waters of Puget Sound, which by this time had calmed down so that the waves in the distance looked like ripples glistening in the morning sun. We placed our pancake griddles between the logs and over the fire and made and fried the flapjacks while the other boys brought water from a clear, cold, bubbling spring and made the coffee and fried the bacon and set the table. When my stack of cakes was about a foot high, five hungry mariners stuck their feet under the driftwood board that served as table, and soon the board was all that was left. About this time, we noticed that the tide had receded so far that the launch was only about two rods from the shore, so we got the skiff and rowed out, but, by the time we got

to it, the keel was in the sand, and we could not shove it off, so we knew that there was nothing to do but to wait until the tide came back. We had landed at 5:30 A.M., and it was 1:40 P.M. when the tide came in far enough to float our craft again. We propped the boat up with planks so she would not roll over when the water went from under her and then sat down on the sand and basked in the sunshine for a few hours. We put the skiff upside down on the shore and it soon dried off so that John put-tied up the leaks, and I put a fresh coat of paint on. We had little trouble with the skiff leaking after that. George and I cleaned out the launch and hung out the bedding to air. We rigged up a distress flag and posed for a kodak picture. We had just finished lunch when our vessel once more floated free, and a few shoves with the pike pole sent us off again. At 4 P.M. we arrived at a well protected cove called Manzaneta



"We rigged up a distress flag and posed for a kodak picture"

and decided to cast anchor. At 6:30 the next morning we were on our way.

Our course now was due south in the passage called Port Orchard, which lies between the island and the main land. At about 8 A.M. we sighted the Old Soldiers' home, and knew we were nearing the Bremerton U. S. Navy Yard. We cast anchor just west of Bremerton and soon had breakfast. At about noon we started toward Seattle. After leaving Port Orchard we had calm waters until we got into the Sound again, between Blake Island and Blake Rock. We found it quite rough and decided not to cross over till the next morning, so we turned into a cove and landed at Port Blakely, a sawmill town, but soon noticed that the wind had gone down and I looked out over the Sound with a pair of glasses and it didn't look bad at all. So we started on again and in an hour and forty minutes (7:10 P.M.) we were back home again in Shilshole Bay.

OUR VACATION IN 1915

By J. C. HIGGASON, D.D.S., DANVILLE, ILL.

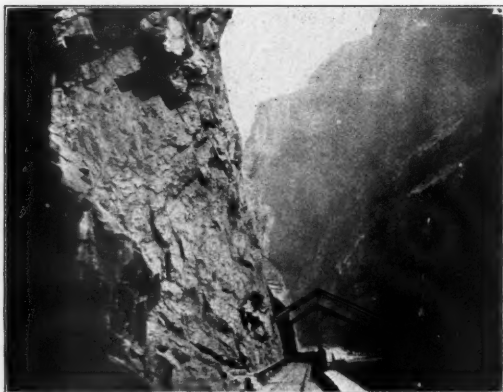
IN 1914 my family and I denied ourselves a vacation because we were planning to have a long one in 1915 by taking in the Panama Exposition. Work had been rather strenuous and I was in need of the vacation when the eagerly longed-for time arrived. We enjoyed it for several weeks before it really began, by our joyous anticipation and



Our pride and joy celebrating with her uncle

preparation for what was in store for us, and May 25, 1915, we locked up shop for two months and started on our first trip for the West. We lived in a small country town far from the city, where everything was always quiet and dull, so this kind of a change was just to our liking. We had planned well and were well provided for our trip so we spent a few days seeing the sights and enjoying ourselves at different towns and points of interest along the way. Denver, Colorado and Manitou Springs, Salt Lake City, Portland, Redlands, Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Fair.

Everywhere we met agreeable, courteous, interesting people who helped us fill the fleeting days with pleasure and showed us that in the main people are kind, considerate and sympathetic.



The swinging bridge in the Royal Gorge, Colo.

In California we found many friends and acquaintances who were eager to show us California's wonderful resources and development, her splendid orchards and enchanting homes, her beautiful flowers and scenery, and her fertile valleys and good roads, all of which we enjoyed immensely.

We spent only one week at the exposition and I shall not try to give any description of it nor of any of the other places we visited, for those who did not see them have read far better descriptions than I could write, but I will

say we enjoyed it all, also our little side trips and excursion into the mountains, woods and canyons, but most of all the scenery through the Rockies. The vastness, bigness and grandeur of the mountains is inspiring and uplifting. Their magnitude impresses one with his own littleness and insignificance, and of the existence of a higher and unseen Power, and of his need to adjust his habits and living so that he may come in

touch with this wonderful Power that its force may flow through him and be directed into noble and useful channels.

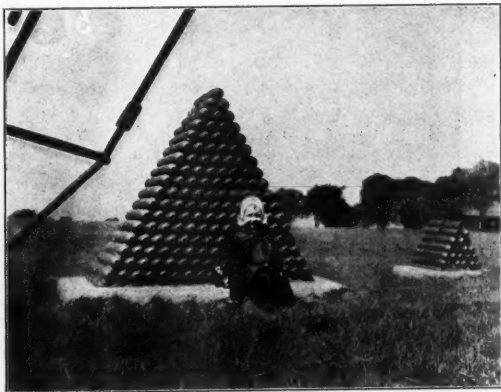
The time fairly flew and our two months were soon gone and I was back at the chair with new energy and inspiration.

I am sending along a few of the pictures we took with our

folding Brownie. Anyone taking a vacation or pleasure trip should take along a camera, for it not only affords much pleasure on the trip but it



Pikes Peak from Manitou Springs



At the base of the flag pole at Fort Douglas,
Salt Lake City

helps one, as the months and years grind on, to enjoy again and again, the pleasures of their happy holiday.

The best thing about our vacation was the fact that almost as soon as I locked the office door I forgot root canals, troublesome plates and everything else that goes into the day's grind in a dental office, and thought of them no more until I unlocked it again two months later, at which time I felt like a new man, rejuvenated and enriched, not only physically, but mentally and morally as well, by the rest, recreation, association and inspiration of our jolly time and trip.

As to dollars and cents, I am sure it paid in that way too. In the first place it was worth all it cost and more, but we are still enjoying it. Besides that, when I came back I could do more work and do it better; I was able to meet my patients with a more cheerful face and manner; I had more patience and had lost most of the grouch that had begun to get hold of me. It raised the respect in which I was held by my patients and friends, and all these things help the financial side of the business along.



"The Blue Hole," Jamaica

OUT IN THE FIELDS

By C. R. CHRISTOPHER, D.D.S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

"The foolish fears of what might pass
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God."—*Selected.*



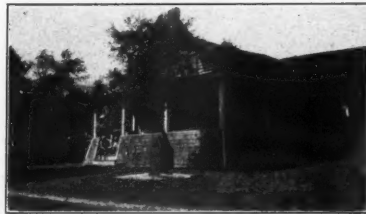
North end of Christopher veranda



South side, facing shore

while we are there. There are fruit trees and small fruits which keep our table supplied for the summer. The lake is just across the road and is four miles wide at this place. One can see the village of Aurora on the Eastern shore with the towers of Wells College shining in the afternoon sun. At night the moon unrolls her carpet from her counter on the hill across the lake to our porch. Cornell University is twenty-five miles up the lake, a run we

THE first day after school closes sees "My old Dutch" and the coming men head for "The Christopher," situated at East Varick, N. Y., a hamlet on the shore of Cayuga Lake. Two weeks later, the writer leaves for the same place. Our summer home has a garden and is planted in the spring and worked by all the crew



The Christopher



The motor boat, Paddy

often make in our motor boat and sometimes camp on the way. The entire cost is less than it would be to remain in the city. As I close the office for two months the expense is cut at this end. When I began to do this I thought it would make some difference in my income, but find it did not, so have continued

it. Perhaps the thing that counted most was the enthusiasm and vim with which I took up my work the winter following my first two months' summer vacation, and which stayed by me throughout the time until the next summer.

WHY A VACATION AND WHERE?

By J. A. McPhail, D.D.S., BLANCHESTER, OHIO

I AM an average dentist, in an average Ohio town of 2,000, and have been in practice twelve years. During that time I have observed that dentists in general are good fellows and hard workers. Being good fellows they seldom save money, and being hard workers they need vacations often, but seldom take them. The editor of this magazine has done much to improve our financial condition, and now he has launched a propaganda to make all dentists take a vacation. Every man be he dentist or not says to himself, "when I get so much money I am going to take it easy."

My advice to every dentist is, to train himself, so that he can forget his work for a brief spell each year, or oftener. The man who gives him-

self this training during the early years of his practice, will not champ the bit if he is indisposed for a week, or away from his office a short time. You should love your work, and enjoy it, but that does not say you should sleep with it or have it for a constant companion.

About four years ago I passed a tennis court in Boston two



Take the children with you

or three times a day during a very hot month, and every time I passed, there was always someone playing. It seemed to me a lot of foolishness for able bodied men to be trifling away their time chasing a tennis ball. One day as I passed this court an old gentleman was walking slowly ahead of me, and hearing footsteps behind him, he stopped, and waited for me. He smiled and remarked that it was a hot day. As we walked along he

said "there is a fine tennis court" and as I agreed with him, he explained further, that some of the keenest and hardest working men in Boston played there every day. To stay in the game he said a man must keep himself physically fit.

I had been interested in vacations and athletics for dentists ever since I had been in practice, and the remark of this old gentleman made an impression on me and set me thinking. This I know to be true, that as you advance in years you become less interested in various sports and amusements. The point I wish to impress upon you is the fact that it is folly to defer your vacation until the flowers of spring fade, and ill health and the family doctor decide where you shall spend your vacation, and how you shall spend it. Decide on a vacation now and make it one that suits your needs and one that you may enjoy to the fullest.



Just enjoying it all

WHY YOU SHOULD TAKE A VACATION

- (1) To store up energy, and rest overworked parts of your body.
- (2) Health and energy give you poise and prestige. How many sick dentists do you know who are successful?
- (3) A vacation makes all things new—even your own office will be more attractive.
- (4) Absence from duty gives you an opportunity to forget your duties,

if you so desire. As long as you permit your work to decide what you shall do you are a slave. If after an absence of a few days, or a week, you get restless and make life miserable for everybody, you poor slave, you are to be



An outing on the shores of Lake Pepin, Wis.

pitied, for your work is your master. As the years quietly pass you will find it even more difficult to cut the cord that binds you. Too constant companionship with work is not healthful.

(5) Our work is in-doors whether the weather is pleasant or not, and much energy is absorbed from every member of our profession. If we are constantly giving out and not storing up energy, it is only a question of years until our voltage is lowered and the lights grow dim.

(6) Our work brings us in contact with much oral filth, much of it of a pathogenic nature, and it is a matter of common sense on our part, to make the fortress of our bodies, as impregnable as possible.

(7) Lastly to give that woman and family, (and they should come first) pleasure and health also.

HOW AND WHERE TO SPEND A VACATION

Dentists like other beings differ in tastes and temperaments. What spells rest to one man is a bore to another. Until recently I usually spent my vacation near my birth-place, which happens to be Walkerton, Ont. In a weak moment, a lady from Minnesota consented to become my wife, and since then where I spend my vacation depends largely upon my ability to convince my wife of the many advantages to be derived from a vacation in Canada, over one in Minnesota. If any of my fellow laborers has had an experience similar to this, he will appreciate the fact, that a vacation is a serious thing. My vacation usually starts as soon as I can work in my garden.

To say you cannot find time or afford to take a vacation is admitting three things: (1) You do not appreciate the value of a vacation sensibly spent. (2) If you cannot find time you do not systematize your work or work is still your master. (3) If you cannot afford a vacation then you are evidently not paying attention to the business articles in the *DIGEST* and other magazines. Please get rid of the idea that a vacation is an expensive luxury. Board walks, big cities and popular summer resorts do not necessarily make a vacation. There may be a delightful, inexpensive spot, ten miles from your office that is just the spot for YOU.

Six or eight weeks before I start on my vacation I mail cards something like this to all my patients:

"Dr. McPhail announces that he will close his office from July 1st to Aug. 1st for the purpose of taking a vacation. Those desiring his professional services will please come in now, as plans for his vacation have been made and cannot be changed because of unfinished work."

These cards I have found from an experience of seven years stimulate my work. My patients all know I am going away, and when I am going. Many have work done, who would have put it off if they thought I would

be home, when they had trouble. Very little work will go elsewhere on a hot summer month. Your best patients always come in, and they are glad you are going away, because what results in your physical betterment will benefit them.

With these announcement cards I often mail cards stating when patient had his last work done. A vacation gives me a splendid excuse for collecting accounts.

When the day for my vacation comes, I close my door and leave my office as happy as a school boy. When I work, I work hard, and when I leave my office I simply forget that I am a dentist. A game of ball with the children, a picnic or a fishing trip will find me ready to take part. To sit on a bank of a quiet stream back in what appears



Boating on the St. Clair Flats

to be an impenetrable forest, and just fish, whether the fishing is good or not, is certainly restful and joyous. To go through life unable to enjoy nature and all out of doors is a great misfortune. On my vacation I want to do as Edwin Markham does in his beautiful poem.

FRIENDS WITH LIFE

Give me green rafters and the quiet hills,
Where peace will mix a philter for my ills—
Rafters of cedar and sycamore,
Where I can stretch out on the fragrant floor,
And see them peer—the softly stepping shapes—
By the still pool where hang the tart wild grapes.

There on the hills of summer let me lie
On the cool grass in friendship with the sky.
Let me lie there in love with earth and sun,
And wonder up at the lightfoot winds that run,
Stirring the delicate edges of the trees,
And shaking down a music of the seas.

Bring some old book—"The Romaunt of the Rose,"
A song through which the wine of morning blows.
Let me stretch out at friends with life at last,
Forgetting all the clamors of the past—
The broken dream, the flying word unjust,
The failure, and the friendship gone to dust.

FATIGUE. ITS CAUSE, NATURE, AND CURE

BY W. W. ELDRIDGE, JR., M.D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The facts in this article are worthy of the thoughtful attention of every man. They show the direct relation between continued work and fatigue, and they intimate the connection between fatigue and inefficiency, and mental and physical failure.

An expenditure for a vacation, viewed as an expense, may not be justified. Regarded as an investment in the health and efficiency of the bread winner of the family, it may be the height of wisdom.

One sentence in this article should register in each of our brains "The average of time required for a complete restoration is greater than that required to produce exhaustion."

Wednesday or Saturday afternoons off all summer and at least a month of rest away from everything dental, may mean longer life, better spirits and disposition, more intelligent and better work. Try it as an investment.—EDITOR.

THE final effect of cumulative or excessive fatigue is to wreck the human organism. The only known method of preventing fatigue becoming cumulative, is to properly proportion working and rest periods. The only way to repair the wrecked organism is through a long rest.

DIRECT AND INDIRECT FATIGUE

The cause of fatigue may be direct or indirect or both. By a direct cause, is meant the exertion of a portion of the anatomy that produces a fatigue in the particular part used. By an indirect cause is meant any influence such as disease, inanition, or exertion of any portion of the anatomy that induces a fatigue in some indirectly associated part.

As one of the simplest examples of direct fatigue consider the exhaustion of power in muscular tissue following muscular effort.

THE CHEMISTRY IN FATIGUE

Laboratory experimentation shows that if a muscle be stimulated repeatedly, its contractions at first increase even if the stimulus remains of the same strength: then they gradually decrease until as complete exhaustion is approached, the contractions become more prolonged, less active, and finally cease altogether.

The chemistry of the changes in the muscle which caused fatigue is not fully understood and is far too complicated to be described here. Suffice it to say that the carbohydrates become oxidized; the amount of glycogen diminishes; the reaction of the muscle becomes increasingly acid; and with acid saturation, complete exhaustion supervenes. No one

knows why this chemical change takes place in fatigue. Observation shows only that it does.

In proof of the assertion that the chemical change is responsible for the production of the fatigue, there has been withdrawn from the circulation of a thoroughly fatigued dog, a certain quantity of blood, containing supposedly the material produced by the muscle fatigue, and this blood has been introduced into the circulation of a fresh, thoroughly rested dog of the same species, weight, build, color, etc. Such injections have produced in the second dog, after a short time, all the signs and symptoms of a marked fatigue.



Away from everything dental

RECUPERATION ONLY THROUGH REST

All experimentation has, however, revealed no process by which the pre-active state of the muscle can be produced other than by the natural process of rest, and the average total length of time required for a complete restoration is greater than that required to produce exhaustion.

NECESSITY OF MORE REST THAN WORK

It can therefore be readily seen that an individual who has exhausted his musculature by repeated periods of physical exertion will not, during the usual amount of time allowed for recuperation, return to a complete pre-active condition. Thus, although following a hard day's labor, the individual usually enjoys the benefit of a night's rest, he is not completely restored. Each successive day's work, leaves him with a slightly lessened degree of recuperation which becomes cumulative in effect producing a gradual decline in efficiency until at the end of a prolonged season of

activity the condition is reached where the only means to restore the exhausted organism to normal vigor is a fairly complete and continuous rest.

CHARACTER OF MENTAL FATIGUE

In a general way, the same procedure observed in the phenomena of the fatigue of muscular tissue, takes place in the fatigue produced in any of the body systems. There are variations in detail of the physiology and chemistry, but the end results are practically the same and certainly the only means available for a complete restoration is identical, namely rest. The same general principles apply to fatigue following mental



Take a vacation, a long enough one—Take a restful one

activity. It is, moreover, almost impossible to consider any one body system as a separate unit in observing the effects of fatigue, inasmuch as the systems are all so inter-dependent and co-relative. The consideration of any direct fatigue leads naturally to the observation of the co-existent fatigue in other systems which is *indirectly* induced by the primary fatigue of the system undergoing exertion.

SYSTEMIC EFFECTS OF MENTAL FATIGUE

A man having spent ten or eleven months of practically continuous mental effort becomes fatigued to a marked degree, due to the cumulative effect of each day's work, but he does not feel tired in his organ of thought alone. While his brain may be the seat of his chief weariness, he is nevertheless, quite tired throughout his whole anatomy. His circulation may possibly have become "sluggish," his digestion may be, and probably

is far below par, and he may have lost some weight and developed some "flabbiness" in his muscles. These are all evidences of indirect fatigue, the results of fatigue of the brain from direct mental effort.

A CAUSE OF SUDDEN BREAK DOWNS

It often happens, also, that a physiological fatigue may become almost, if not quite, complete, before consciously registered, so that the individual may reach the point of complete physical or mental prostration before being aware that he is suffering from fatigue. This fact is illustrated by the sudden complete breakdown of intelligent business and professional men, in the midst of a season of unusual activity. This occurrence seems to be contrary to the logical course of events; but it is easily accounted for by taking into consideration the effect of certain artificial stimuli. Intense interest, emotional or intellectual excitement, anxiety, urgent anticipation will act as effectively in the production of artificial stimulation as the drug stimulants, alcohol, caffeine, cocaine, etc., and will succeed in keeping the various body functions at an apparently normal state of efficiency until the period is reached finally and suddenly where there remains practically *nothing to form a basis for stimulation*. At this point the functional activity ceases suddenly, and the individual is, temporarily at least, a human wreck.

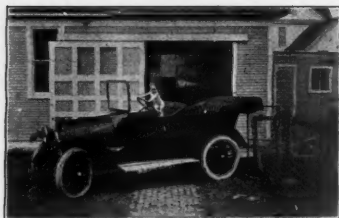
The natural and logical conclusion from these facts is to so regulate time and work that one can appropriate to rest and recuperation the necessary amount of time yearly to overcome the cumulative effect of daily fatigue. This will, in the long run, increase the efficiency and maintain a greater degree of health.

Take a vacation.

Take a long enough one.

Take a restful one.





Cupid drives a car

"EIGHTH ANNUAL HAY FEVER PILGRIMAGE"

BY T. M. ROBERTSON, D.D.S.,
COFFEYVILLE, KANS.

WHEN our small boy comes in and with a look of expectancy announces "that the rag-weed is almost in bloom," that is a signal to pack up.

Because of the distance from the short grass country of Kansas to the Hay Fever Quarantine Line of Minnesota, we usually make the trip by rail, but this year we decided to travel by easy stages in the auto.

A box five feet long containing our cooking outfit was fastened to the running board on one side of the car. Our tent, a 9 x 12, we took along for camping in good weather. We did not carry poles but fastened one side to the top of the car, then drawing it over the car, fastened the other side to convenient trees or fence posts. The bed for "Cupid" and the boy, we made by annexing the front cushions to the back seat, where they slept fine with the exception of the first night, when "Cupid" fell out, giving a "Big Ben" alarm, which rescued her from the camping box where she had lodged. A large folding cot by the side of the car made up the rest of the Pullman equipment.



Brook trout fishing



Brook trout for dinner

Just one objection was registered to this camp life by the feminine member of the party, which was, that we neglected to bring along the bath tub. After the third camp we made hotels, owing to the heavy dew and fog as we traveled along the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys.

The fifth day at noon brought us to Duluth. The greatest advantage in travelling by auto, we found, was in the opportunity to compare the farming communities as we traveled through, also the side-trips, such as the Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth, Kansas, one of the

most beautiful grounds in the United States, and the few hours spent in Omaha, Sioux City, Minneapolis, with its fine boulevard system, connecting its numerous lakes. A trip to the capitol at St. Paul, and the \$25,000,000 Steel Plant in Duluth, also the beautiful Boulevard Drive in that city.



Four mile portage on the moose trip

down the north shore of Lake Superior. During this 10 hour trip the boat stops at every little fishing settlement to put off mail, two or three passengers, some groceries, and perhaps a box of Copenhagen snuff, all of which go to shore in a small skiff. A real treat to watch the people of Kansas who had not seen a boat since rag-weed season last year.

At Grand Morais, where we built our "Sneezers Cabin" five years ago, we call home, making our fishing trip from here.

On one trip into the "National Forest and Game Reserve" we carried a light canoe



Camping on the moose trip

Duluth being the end of the Auto Road, we stored our car, which so far, had not called for a repair, not even a puncture, in a distance of 1,012 miles and taking a small steamer *The America* left for Grand Morais, Minn., 120 miles



Trout fishing was good at this camp



Sneezer's cabin

and tent and camped on a moose trail. We were well paid for our hard journey, for we saw ten moose.

Owing to "stage fright" when the moose appeared, we failed to get good kodak pictures, although we chased one which had decided to out swim the canoe, a good half mile, before it swam to shore and disappeared in the woods.

We found no need of bromides to make us sleep, or any necessity of taking an appetizer along, for our appetites come to us the first day out, on journeys such as these.

On our return trip to Kansas we came through Wisconsin crossing the Mississippi at Red Wing, Minn., then through Des Moines and Kansas City, on home. For a distance of 200 miles through Iowa we left two deep tracks through the mud, but from Kansas City home, the roads were fine and we landed safely and still without a puncture.

JUNE

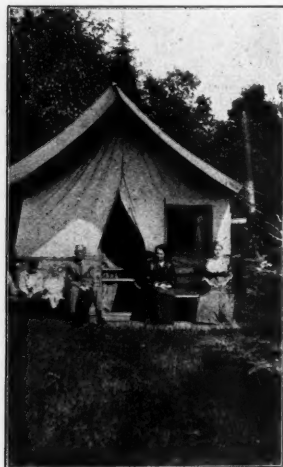
BY TIMOTHY C. MURPHY

The sweet wind sweeps across the fields,
New cut the grass is lying,
Where vanquished Spring to Summer yields,
June's golden flags are flying.

Fair flows the river's gleaming tide,
The copse and meadow meeting,
And feathered folk on every side,
Send forth a morning greeting.



"We don't want to go home"



One of our camps

The spider's web of pearl is hung,
The wild rose bush adorning,
Where many a dew-kissed rose
has flung,
Its glory to the morning.

Swift speeds the swallow's fleet-
ing wing,
The zephyr's course pursuing,
Like love-lorn swains the robins
sing,
Their madrigals of wooing.

When Nature's charms are thus
in tune,
And lightly pass the hours,
Then knows the world that it is
June,

The month of birds and
flowers.—*Dumb Animals.*

UP THE OSWEGATCHIE AFTER TROUT

By H. O. BROWN, D.D.S., WATERLOO, N. Y.

FOR a week we had been gathering fish worms because Northern New York does not have that beast.

On Thursday P.M. Mr. Wm. Bell, "Dick" for short, and myself, shouldered our pack baskets and headed for the station, where we boarded the train for Watertown, via Syracuse. Arriving there we at once sought the "hay" as we knew there was a hard day ahead of us.

Bright and early the next morning we were on our way, stopping only at Carthage for a few minutes, where we fell in with five more disciples of "Izaak Walton." But these men were out of our class. They were putting up at a Hotel, while our destination was a shack ten miles up the Oswegatchie.

At Benson Mines we left the train and boarded the Northeastern limited. It consisted of a trolley car in which a marine engine had been installed, and one could hear that engine complain for miles. However, it pulled into Wanakeena on time (as there was no schedule), and we piled off.

Here we obtained our supplies of bacon, potatoes, sugar, coffee, condensed milk and milk chocolate. Who has eaten a bar of chocolate after fishing three or four hours? All right, you know how good it is then, and if you haven't, try it.

Before getting the grub, we had weighed our packs and they tipped the scales at 50 lbs. each. They told us it was only three miles by trail to smooth water, where we intended to get a canoe, but I'll swear it was thirty. If you doubt me, step out of your office, shoulder a 60 lb. pack, and climb over a rough trail for three miles, over rocks, logs, etc., around trees and washouts. Many were the times we set those packs down, and pretended to be watching the river as it boiled over the rocks below us, for the trail followed the river. It was truly a pretty sight to see the water rushing and foaming over the rocks, whirling around a corner or smoothing out into a deep pool where we knew the "big fellows" were



"Dick"



Washing up the dishes

lying in the shade of an overhanging rock, and we longed to "wet a line," but we knew that we had an eight mile paddle after we left Inlet, so we would again shoulder the pack and start on, one carrying the bait and



After water for coffee

the other, the lantern.

After what seemed hours we saw the tops of some buildings, and Dick told me we were nearly there.

On arriving at the house we hunted up the owner, stowed our packs in the centre and climbed into the canoe, Dick in the bow and I in the

stern. We pushed off and were on the last lap.

The scene which opened up to us as we rounded the first bend was a beautiful one indeed. Here we caught our longest view of the river, and not over 100 yards at that. It was as still as a mill pond, and the shadows of the bushes were reflected on its quiet surface. Away in the distance lay a mountain, at the base of which lay the open camp which we expected to make our hotel.

From here on the stream narrowed. Most of the time it was from 10 to 15 feet wide, and ran smoothly, but in places it would narrow up and become swift. In places it was only wide enough for the canoe to pass and so crooked that we would scarcely get the canoe straight from one turn before we would be obliged to turn again.

About half-way up "High Rock" loomed up out of the "burnings" like a sentinel on duty, and from its top one could see for miles over the flat country covered with "second growth," and trace the river which wound snake-like away in either direction.

"Seven Pines," seven trees from one base. we passed four times before it was really behind us so tortuous was the river.

It was a welcome sight indeed when rounding a bend in the river we came suddenly in sight of our camp, which lay a couple of rods back and up from the stream. Landing, we at once set the camp to rights, cut firewood, balsam boughs, and prepared supper. After a short smoke we rolled into our sleeping bags, and slept the sleep of the just.



Seven Pines

I was suddenly awakened by a revolver shot. Jumping up I saw Dick's flash light focused on a corner and a smoking gun in his hand. "'Porky' trying to eat us out of house and home," he said. A few minutes later I heard a gnawing and scratching outside and we both got up. Without waiting for shoes, clothes or anything, we grabbed our flash lights and guns, and rushed out of the shack. Dick went one way and I the other. By the time I had gotten around I saw him running off through the woods, shooting and yelling at every jump, but by the time I caught him Mr. Porky had gotten safely away, and we returned to camp to sleep undisturbed until morning.

After breakfast the next morning we left camp, and paddled up-stream several miles, catching a few but spending most of our time pulling logs out of the stream, so in the future we could go undisturbed. Toward noon we reached a dam and were obliged to stop as the river above was a tangled mass of logs. Here we waited, ate our lunch and started back.

I climbed out on "Our Rock" while Dick went below to fish "Glory Hole," and both succeeded in landing several beauties. Getting back into the boat we allowed it to drift down, holding the overhanging branches against the boat with our knees while we dropped our bait over a likely hole. Often we would land and fish from an overhanging tree or rock or bank. In this way many were added to our catch.

At one place we came upon six young fellows from a Ranger School, who were wading waist deep in the icy water. How they stood it I don't know, but they were there fishing with raw meat and having the time of their lives.

In the evening we could hear deer "blowing" all around us and the banks at every open place looked like a barn yard so thick were their tracks. One day we saw a fox running along the bank ahead of us.

To say that we lived high would mean nothing to one who has not tasted trout just out of the water, but only try it and you will see how it goes.

All too soon Monday morning came, and we were obliged to break camp and start back. Rounding a bend we came suddenly upon four deer who had urgent business elsewhere and by the way they left no one would imagine they were going to keep an appointment with a dentist.



A little supper

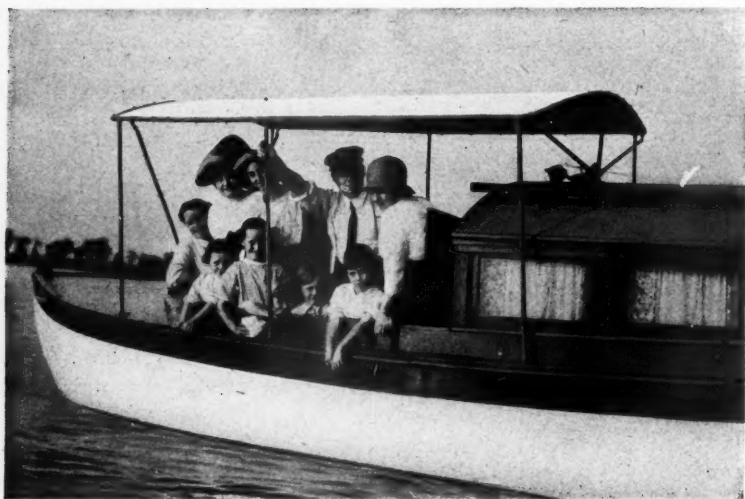


Yours truly

We found an entirely different story coming back and as we had lots of time we let the canoe drift some of the time, while we took flying shots at blackbirds but caused little disturbance.

Arriving at Inlet we again shouldered our packs, which were now much lighter and headed for Wanakeena, secured dinner and pulled out for Syracuse.

Late that night we pulled into Syracuse, tired, hungry and dirty, but happy. We left our packs at the station and headed for a Hotel. As we walked up to the desk at the Onondaga, we were the centre of attraction, and the clerk gave us the "twice over" before he gave us our "room and bath." Even the bell boy was skeptical until we "shelled out" liberally and then he could not do enough for us.



A NAUTICAL PARTY

"A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the "Walloping Window-blind;"
No gale that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow,
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below."

—Charles E. Carryl.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NATIONAL DENTAL ASSOCIATION. GENERAL PLAN FOR THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL SESSION

While no sensational changes are contemplated in the general plan for this annual session for the National held in Louisville, July 25, 26, 27, 28th, there are a number of decided improvements which will be inaugurated.

OUTLINE AND LOCATION OF SESSIONS

The first day will begin with registering all members and guests, at the spacious First Regiment Armory rotunda. Such facilities will be provided which will make registration a pleasure. The ladies will register on the mezzanine floor of the Seelbach Hotel which will be their headquarters and from which all entertainments will start.

Opening Session will be held in Keith's Theatre, seating more than 3,000 very comfortably. This theatre is artificially cooled to the temperature of 65 degrees during summer months and of its acoustic properties Dr. Thomas Hinman had this to say, after a recent inspection, "Nowhere, with the exception of the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, have I observed such wonderful acoustic properties."

All general sessions and some special sectional meetings will be held in this theatre which is diagonally across the street from registration headquarters, one block from Seelbach Hotel and one half block from the Watterson and Hermitage hotels.

The splendid auditoriums of the Seelbach and Watterson Hotels will be used for sectional meetings as well as McCauley's Theatre, across the street from the Seelbach.

NOTABLE CLINICS ON WEDNESDAY

Perhaps the greatest treat the profession has ever enjoyed will be provided on Wednesday afternoon when under the supervision and direction of Dr. W. H. G. Logan, four hours and one half will be devoted to "Illustrated Lecture Clinics," presented by men of acknowledged authority upon the subjects on which they are to speak.

This is a new feature of a National meeting and affords every member in attendance an equal opportunity to hear and see the same good clinics and when the profession is assured that Dr. Logan has complete charge of this branch of the meeting it warrants us to expect something out of the ordinary.

MORE CLINICS ON FRIDAY MORNING

The great balcony of the First Regiment Armory will be divided into twenty-seven sections, each to seat from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty members and visitors. There will be twenty-seven clinicians, divided into three branches of dentistry and the outline is so arranged that every man, by remaining in his seat, will see every one of the twenty-seven clinics in the morning allotted for this branch of the work.

ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE NEW FEATURE

A feature of special interest to many members of the National will be the joint meeting of the Inter State Anesthetists, a strong body of both medical and dental men having special interest in anesthesia. A strong programme for a joint meeting has been arranged, including the following men, Drs. Long, McMillan, Denman, Brophy, Riethmueller, Thoma, and Yager.

SOMETHING ABOUT ACCOMMODATIONS

From some source the expression of fear has reached the Local Committee on Arrangements that Louisville did not have accommodations for a large meeting; to all such fearing friends, we submit the following queries?

Do You Know that Louisville has sixteen splendid hotels with a total of 3,000 rooms, not to mention the score of lesser hotels for those who prefer to live modestly?

Do You Know that Louisville's Y. M. C. A., Y. M. H. A., Y. W. C. A. can furnish quarters for hundreds of tourists who prefer that kind of accommodation? *Do You Know* that Louisville has entertained some of the largest conventions in the country in a most acceptable manner, notable among them, the International Sunday School Convention, with eight thousand registered delegates; National Canners, with from three to four thousand have met in Louisville for three consecutive years in preference to other larger and competing cities; the great "Saenger-Fest" which brought thousands to Louisville; Knight Templars, Shriners and a host of the largest gatherings of commercial, political or religious nature in America. This she would be unable to do, were it not for her extensive hotel accommodations and genial southern, Kentucky branch of Hospitality.

A series of entertainments is being arranged for, with the assistance of a Ladies' Committee, composed of the wives of each Local Committeeman, which will so completely take up the time of visiting ladies that their husbands will be relieved entirely of the responsibility of providing entertainment.

Among the entertainments for the ladies are the following: Sight-seeing auto trip with luncheon at the Country Club; boat ride upon the beautiful Ohio River; shopping tour through Louisville's handsome department stores; trip to Fountain Ferry Park with theatre and lunch and others.

"You'll Feel At Home In Louisville."

NEW YORK COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY—SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

The authorities of the New York College of Dentistry are making arrangements to celebrate the Semi-Centennial of the Institution on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 13th, 14th and 15th.

The programme will include Essays and Clinics at the College Buildings on Tuesday; a Reunion, Reception and Banquet at Delmonico's on Wednesday evening and Commencement Exercises at Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening.

It is hoped that it will be possible to reach all the alumni and to communicate to them the cordial invitation of their alma mater to rejoice with her in the completion of half a century of activity and usefulness. But, if any graduate should fail to receive the communication which the Committee will send out, he will confer a favor, if he will communicate with the undersigned.

DR. J. OSTRAM TAYLOR, Sec'y
576 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

FUTURE EVENTS

- June 12, 1916.—Tennessee Board of Dental Examiners, Nashville, Tenn.—WALTER G. HUTCHISON, 308 Eve Bldg., Nashville, Tenn., *Secretary*.
- June 12-14, 1916.—Missouri State Board of Dental Examiners, Jefferson City.—V. R. McCUE, Cameron, Mo., *Secretary*.
- June 12-17, 1916.—Indiana Board of Dental Examiners, Indianapolis, Ind.—FRED J. PROW, Bloomington, Ind., *Secretary*.
- June 13-15, 1916.—Connecticut State Dental Association, Hotel Griswold, New London, Conn.—ELWYN R. BRYANT, New Haven, Conn., *Secretary*.
- June 14, 1916.—South Carolina State Board of Dental Examiners at Jefferson Hotel, Columbia, S. C.—R. L. SPENCER, Bennettsville, S. C., *Secretary*.
- June 15, 1916.—Illinois State Board of Dental Examiners, Northwestern University Dental School, 31 W. Lake St., Chicago.—O. H. SEIFERT, Springfield, Ill., *Secretary*.

- June 15-16, 1916.—Thirtieth annual meeting of the Colorado State Dental Association, Cliff House, Manitou. Exhibitors will please address Dr. F. P. Wells, Exchange Bank Bldg., Colorado Springs.—EARL W. SPENCER, Pope Block, Pueblo, Colo., *Secretary*.
- June 16-20, 1916.—Florida State Board of Dental Examiners, San Juan Hotel.—W. G. MASON, Tampa, Florida.
- June 20-22, 1916.—Tennessee State Dental Association, Knoxville, Tenn.—H. C. MAXEY, Memphis, Tenn., *Secretary*.
- June 20-22, 1916.—New Hampshire Dental Society, Lake Sunapee, Zoo-Nipi Park Lodge, Lisbon, N. H.—J. E. COLLINS, *Chairman Exhibit Committee*.
- June 21, 1916.—Florida State Dental Society, Orlando, Fla.—M. C. IZLAR, *Secretary*.
- June 22-24, 1916.—Dental Commissioners of the State of Connecticut, Hartford, to examine applicants for license to practise dentistry.—EDWARD EBERLE, 902 Main St., Hartford, Conn. *Recorder*.
- June 22-24, 1916.—Utah State Dental Society, Hotel Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.—E. C. FAIRWEATHER, 501 Boston Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah, *Secretary*.
- June 23, 1916.—Wisconsin State Board of Dental Examiners, Marquette Dental College, Cor. 9th and Wells St., Milwaukee, Wis.—F. A. TATE, Daniels Blk., Rice Lake, Wis., *Secretary*.
- June 26-28, 1916.—The fifty-first annual meeting of the Maine Dental Society, Rangeley Lake House, Rangeley, Maine.—I. E. PENDLETON, Lewiston, Maine, *Secretary*.
- June 26, 1916.—North Carolina State Board of Dental Examiners, Battery Park Hotel Asheville, N. C.—F. L. HUNT, Asheville, *Secretary*.
- June 27-29, 1916.—Pennsylvania State Dental Society, Pittsburgh, Pa.—LUTHER M. WEAVER, 103 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., *Secretary*.
- June 27-29, 1916.—Rhode Island State Board of Registration in Dentistry, State House, Providence.—WM. B. ROGERS, 171 Westminster St., Providence, R. I., *Secretary*.
- June 27-29, 1916.—Pennsylvania State Dental Society, Carnegie Music Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., —GEO. S. SCHLEGEL, 147 North 8th St., Reading, Pa., *Secretary*.
- June 27-29, 1916.—West Virginia State Board of Dental Examiners, Wheeling, W. Va.—H. H. SMALLRIDGE, D. D., Charleston, W. Va., *Secretary*.
- June 28-30, 1916.—North Carolina State Dental Society, Asheville, N. C.—R. M. SQUIRES, Wake Forest, N. C., *Secretary*.
- June 29-July 1st, 1916.—Maine Board of Dental Examiners.—HAROLD L. EMMONS, Masonic Bldg., Saco, Me., *Secretary*.
- June 29-July 1, 1916.—Arkansas State Board of Dental Examiners, Marion Hotel, Little Rock, Arkansas.—I. M. STERNBERG, Fort Smith, Ark., *Secretary*.
- July 10-13, 1916.—Montana State Board of Dental Examiners, Annual Session for examinations at Helena, Mont.—G. A. CHEVIGNY, 107 Clark Blk., Butte, Mont., *Secretary*.
- July 11, 1916.—The North Dakota Board of Dental Examiners, next meeting in Fargo; will continue four days.—W. E. HOCKING, Devil's Lake, N. D., *Secretary*.
- July 11, 1916.—South Dakota State Board of Dental Examiners, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota.—ROBERT JASMANN, Scotland, S. D., *Secretary*.
- July 11-13, 1916.—South Carolina State Dental Association, Chick's Springs, S. C.—ERNEST C. DYE, Greenville, S. C., *Secretary*.
- July 11-13, 1916.—Wisconsin State Dental Society Meeting, Wausau.—THEODORE L. GILBERTSON, *Secretary*.
- July 12-15, 1916.—New Jersey State Dental Society, Asbury Park, N. J.—JOHN C. FORSYTH, Trenton, N. J., *Secretary*.
- July 20-22, 1916.—American Society of Orthodontists, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address communications to F. M. CASTO, 520 Rose Bldg., Cleveland, O.
- July 24, 1916.—Kentucky State Dental Society, Louisville, Ky.—W. T. FARRAR, 519 Starks Bldg., Louisville, *Secretary*.
- July 24, 1916.—International School of Orthodontia of Kansas City, School House quarters, 3321 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.—W. F. STOFF, *Secretary*.

- July 25-28, 1916.—National Dental Association, 1st Regiment Armory, Louisville, Ky.—
OTTO U. KING, Huntington, Ind., *Secretary*.
- September 15, 1916.—The next regular biennial meeting of the Canadian Dental Association will be held in Montreal.
- October 9-15, 1916.—Arizona Board of Dental Examiners, Phoenix, Ariz.—EUGENE MC-GUIRE, 302 Noll Bldg., Phoenix, *Secretary*.
- October 18-20, 1916.—Virginia State Dental Association, Richmond, Va.—C. B. GIFFORD, Norfolk, Va., *Corresponding Secretary*.
- November 16-18, 1916.—St. Louis Dental Society, Planters Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.—CLARENCE O. SIMPSON, Century Bldg., St. Louis, *Secretary*.
- January 23-25, 1917.—American Institute of Dental Teachers, Philadelphia, Pa.—ABRAM HOFFMAN, 529 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y., *Secretary-Treasurer*.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE DENTAL DIGEST
at NEW YORK N. Y.

published monthly
for Apr. 1, 1916.

State of New York)
County of New York) ss.

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared John R. Sheppard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Dentists' Supply Co., publishers of THE DENTAL DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

NAME OF	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Publisher, THE DENTISTS' SUPPLY COMPANY	Times Square, 220 W. 42nd St., New York.
Editor, GEORGE WOOD CLAPP	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Managing Editor, GEORGE WOOD CLAPP	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Business Manager, GEORGE WOOD CLAPP	New Rochelle, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

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Sworn and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1916.
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